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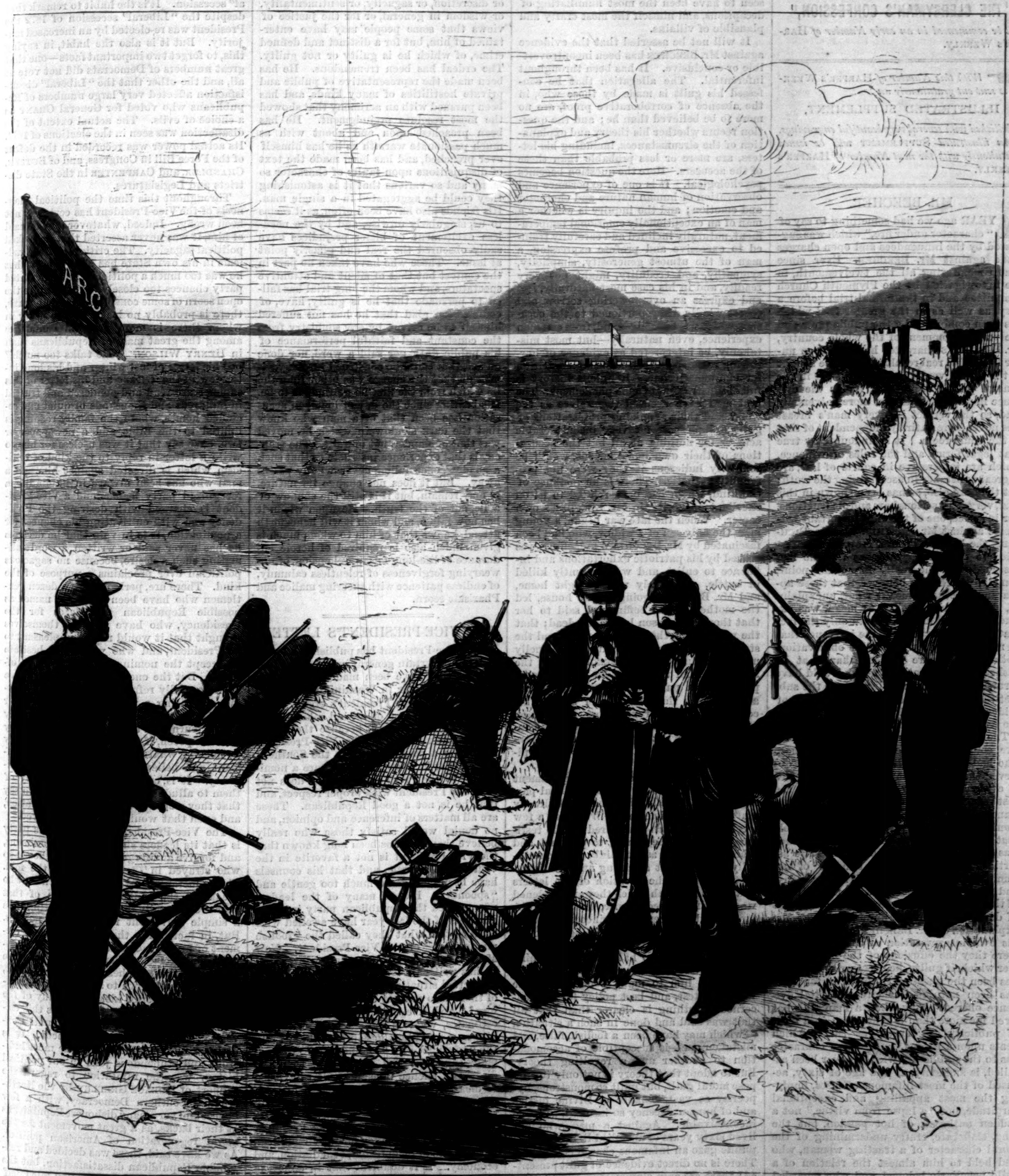

THE GREAT RIFLE-MATCH—THE AMERICAN TEAM PRACTICING AT DOLLYMOUNT RANGE.—[SEE PAGE 578.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, July 17, 1875.

NEW STORY BY WILKIE COLLINS.

☞ *A new short Story of intense interest, from the pen of* Wilkie Collins, *entitled*

"THE CLERGYMAN'S CONFESSION,"

will be commenced in an early Number of Harper's Weekly.

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MR. BEECHER.

A YEAR ago we had something to say of "character under fire," which was suggested by the innuendoes and open charges made against Mr. Beecher. Ever since that time, during all the twelvemonth, in the investigation by the Plymouth Church committee and in the formal trial before a jury, as well as in the greater trial which has been conducted by the public press and the private comment of the whole country, Mr. Beecher's character has still been under fire. The real result is not to be sought in the formal verdict of the jury, but in the general public impression, for as the evidence in no cause was ever more universally read, so the verdict in every man's breast was never more entirely independent of that of the court-room. It is undoubtedly true that legal forms and the rules of evidence, which are imperative in courts of law, are of great assistance in ascertaining the truth; but they are also, as has been shown in this trial, very often serious bars and obstructions. For instance, one of the most important witnesses against Mr. Beecher was Mr. Richards, the brother of Mrs. Tilton. He testified to certain appearances that he had observed, but the really important point, namely, whether he believed that these appearances actually meant what, unexplained, they would be taken to mean, was excluded because he could state only the fact that he had observed, not the inference that he might have drawn from his observation. Nothing was more evident than that he wished to say something which would have thrown very much more light upon the subject than what he did say; but the laws of evidence forbade, and the effort to ascertain the truth was so far obstructed by them.

The technical result of the trial, therefore, could not be accepted as final by those who had carefully followed it, and had observed the limitations imposed by the rules of evidence. It might be regarded as the best result attainable under all the circumstances, but not conclusive. The real judgment is beyond the jury. It is remarkable that very little new evidence of importance was introduced during the trial. The assertions of the various "statements" of last summer made up the bulk of the testimony, and the chief witnesses were the authors of the statements. Moreover, the only point of doubt from the beginning has been the explanation of Mr. Beecher's letters. Was his own interpretation of them correct, or were they the effusions of the moral monster which, if guilty, he necessarily is? This has been the question throughout, for there has been nothing but circumstantial evidence offered. Now when a man who has lived for more than a generation in a light of publicity as "fierce" as that "which beats upon a throne," and whose character has to the public knowledge never been assailed, is suddenly, at the age of sixty, accused of the most infamous offenses, implying the most appalling and exceptional turpitude, not "a lapse from virtue," not a sudden outbreak of hot passion, but the long, elaborate, crafty undermining of the moral character of a trusting woman, who had held to him almost the relation of a child peculiarly beloved, and who regarded him with tender reverence—a young woman, moreover, the wife of a young man, his disciple, whom he loved with more than the love of an elder brother, and when, simultaneously with this corruption of a pure womanly nature, a persistent declaration of innocence flows from his lips, an avowal of absolute reliance upon the Divine arm and an intimate and peculiar consciousness of the Divine favor, combined with a careless buoyancy and joyousness of manner, overflowing in gay jests upon the very situation—when such a charge, so complex, so revolting, so horrible, is made against such a man, and attended with circumstances so magnifying and multiplying his guilt, if guilty he be, the best and holiest instincts of human nature demand that it be instantly and indignantly rejected, unless it be made by a man of equally unspotted reputation, or unless the evidence be clear, incontrovertible, and conclusive. Character must and does protect a man so far. It shields him, under the circumstances, against doubts, suspicions, and inferences, and ceases to protect him only when his reputation is distinctly seen to have been the most humiliating of deceptions, and himself the most crafty and plausible of villains.

It will not be asserted that the evidence against Mr. Beecher has been incontrovertible or conclusive. It has been throughout inferential. The allegation that he confessed his guilt is made by those who, in the absence of corroborative proof, are no more to be believed than he; and the question recurs whether his theory and explanation of the circumstances, including his letters, are more or less probable than those of the accusers. Here the question becomes psychological. It is one of experience and observation of human nature and character and emotion; and the inquiry is whether a man of an exceptionally emotional temperament, naturally inclined and carefully trained to excessive and profuse expression, a man of the utmost generosity, simplicity, sympathy, and credulity, might not very readily, and in his case most naturally, feel and express an overpowering sorrow and regret wholly disproportioned to the occasion, which might easily—and, from common experience, even naturally—but most mistakenly, be interpreted as evidence of harrowing remorse and self-accusing contrition for enormous crime. Religious history is full of illustrations of such phenomena. The best men have accused themselves as the worst, and their agonizing protestations of guilt and despair for very inconsiderable acts, or for nothing at all but the accusations of their own imaginations, would be infinitely ludicrous if they were not profoundly pathetic. There is an instance of the kind, which has been related to us on excellent authority, in Mr. Beecher's own career. When the late war began, a young man, the only son of a widow, who had been fascinated by Mr. Beecher's preaching, was moved by his patriotic exhortations and influence to enlist, and was presently killed in battle. His body was brought home, and Mr. Beecher, going to the house, led the mother to the coffin, and said to her that there lay her son before her dead; that the young man, the hope of her life and the stay of her age, had been murdered, cruelly murdered, and that he, Beecher, was the assassin. And thereupon he burst into so passionate a paroxysm of self-accusation and reproach that the mother became his consoler instead of receiving consolation from him. Such an incident, entirely consonant with what is known of Mr. Beecher, would find a natural place in the pious chronicles.

In what manner this key of temperament and character unlocks all the doubtful passages of the Brooklyn story has been already stated in the article in the *Weekly* of a few weeks since, which considered all the testimony from the beginning to the end, and which explained, as we think, simply, naturally, and without straining any fair interpretation, that the occasion of the letters and the secret with which they are burdened was not the alleged offense, but a very different and innocent and sincere belief of the writer that he had unwittingly become the agent of a terrible wrong to persons dearly beloved, who had fully trusted him, and that circumstances had arisen which seemed to him to make concealment the wisest, justest, and best policy for all concerned. Nothing is clearer than that all that was said and done in such a situation—which may have been a foolish, false, and mistaken one—is susceptible of accomodation to another and a revolting theory. But to adopt that theory is not only to suppose moral guilt, but guilt so monstrous, hypocrisy so vast, defiance of Divine justice and of human decency so insolent, as to be inconceivable. Against a man who has lived sixty years of unsullied life full in the public gaze an infamous charge is brought. There is no direct evidence of guilt presented; there are only circumstances and letters to be interpreted. One interpretation, which asserts his innocence, is harmonious with the known character of the man, and with the recorded facts of experience of men of a similar character in all times and countries. The other theory, that of his guilt, is necessarily, by the conditions of the case, so violent and improbable that it involves an almost unprecedented moral monstrosity, and adds deeper blackness to the possibilities of human guilt. Between those theories the choice of every man must be made. It is nothing to the purpose to say that, if guilty, he is not the first famous man or preacher who has fallen in the same way, because, if guilty, he is an unmatched villain, and is not to be classed with what are called clerical offenders. If guilty, his conduct throughout shows a depravity so exceptional as to sequester him from the human race.

Nor should any collateral conclusions which may seem to any mind to be established by the investigation be suffered for a moment to obscure the fact that Mr. Beecher has not been upon trial for credulity, or discretion, or sagacity, or sentimentality, or wisdom in general, or for the justice of views that some people may have entertained of him, but for a distinct and defined crime, of which he is guilty or not guilty. The ordeal has been tremendous. He has been made the representative of public and private hostilities of many kinds, and has been pursued with an acrimony that showed the most resolute prejudgment. He has been preached upon and about with as much passionate warmth as he has himself ever preached, and has been made the text of disquisitions upon faults of character so many and so various that it is astonishing they could be aggregated in a single man. His friends also have been often, as it seems to us, singularly unwise, and by the needless excitement of bitter prejudices have sadly obscured the real and ghastly point at issue. Those who have taken no part in the contest but that of silent and attentive spectators, and whom the long trial has failed to persuade that he is guilty, have, of course, been glad that he has not suffered himself to be driven by any sophistry from the constant and faithful performance of his public duty, nor said a word, nor done an act, that could be construed into any admission that the charge was other than the lie which from the first he affirmed it to be. His bearing since the day of his open accusation has been that of a man who knew that the dark shadow in which he moved was that of slander, not of guilt. The tragedy is that experience instructs us that such a shadow, once fallen, never wholly passes away. But it does not change its nature. It may remain, but it is still the shadow of a lie, not of the truth. He upon whom it has now fallen, and whom it will henceforth attend, knows that of him to whom much is given much also is required of heroic endurance of life-long misapprehension, of unwearying forgiveness of relentless calumny, of endless patience with sneering malice and Pharisaic scorn.

THE VICE-PRESIDENT'S LETTER.

The Vice-President has published a letter in reply to certain general insinuations and charges that have been made against him by the newspaper in Washington which is supposed to be the President's organ. The criticisms were not of a kind which especially called for reply, because they were merely assertions that the Vice-President had made a political tour in the Southern States, that he is striving to secure a nomination to the Presidency, that he does not treat the President with proper respect, and that he is not a good Republican. These are all matters of inference and opinion, and no denial would satisfy those who really believe them. It has been long known that the Vice-President is not a favorite in the White House circle, and that his counsels have been considered much too gentle and "spooney." Indeed, many of the leaders who guided the Republican party into the disasters of the last year have swelled with contempt at what they called the "foolish maundering" of the Vice-President. Now Mr. Wilson wrote a letter last winter, and he has written a letter this summer. Does the actual situation justify his view or that of those who can not conceal their scorn of him? And if events have vindicated his estimates, what is gained by sneering at him as a garrulous gossip and aunty? If the "twaddle" of a "maundering" gossip is more sagacious and serviceable than the disdainful silence of leaders who have led to disaster, what must be thought of leaders whose wisdom is less useful than gossip and twaddle?

The general position of the Vice-President is that the proper policy for the Republican party is one of moderation, conciliation, and economy. Is it doubtful that in asserting this he speaks the better sentiment of the party? Is it less doubtful that this has not been the conviction of those Republicans who are most scornful of him? The breach between him and those whose feelings are expressed in the articles to which he replies began before his election to the Vice-Presidency. At the time of the removal of Mr. Sumner from the chairmanship of the Foreign Committee, Mr. Wilson, then his colleague, warned his party friends in the Senate that whatever cogent reasons might be offered for their action, it was an immense political blunder. He was overruled, and Mr. Sumner was removed. Mr. Wilson was among the earliest and most urgent of those who sought to heal the rupture between Mr. Sumner and the President. The effort was unsuccessful. In the session of 1871–72, when the breach in the party was imminent, Mr. Wilson deprecated the tone and policy of those Republican Senators who declined to perceive any reason or excuse whatever for the conduct of Mr. Sumner and his friends. It was his opinion that a different course would have produced different results, and have spared the party the "Liberal" secession. It is the habit to remark that despite the "Liberal" secession of 1872 the President was re-elected by an increased majority. But it is also the habit, in saying this, to forget two important facts—one that great numbers of Democrats did not vote at all, and the other that the "Liberal" dissatisfaction affected very large numbers of Republicans who voted for General Grant as a choice of evils. The actual extent of the disaffection was seen in the elections of 1874. Its actual power was recorded in the defeat of the Force Bill in Congress, and of Butler, Chandler, and Carpenter in the State districts and Legislatures.

Throughout this time the political diagnosis of the Vice-President has certainly not been wrong. Indeed, whatever may be said of him, it was never asserted that he lacked political sagacity. The criticism of the radicals in his own State has always been that he was too much a politician, and calculated party chances too closely. Yet, despite the open scorn of some conspicuous Republicans, there is probably no leader of the party in whom there is more personal confidence among the great mass of Republicans than in Henry Wilson. "He talks too much," but his letter of last winter and his long interview in the *Tribune* and his letter of this summer are read and pondered and trusted in hundreds and thousands of quiet and secluded homes, where the family reading is limited to the Bible and a newspaper or two. We say that it was useless for him to write a letter in reply to the kind of criticism which is directed against him. If a man who has been always in public life, a recognized party leader, and a Vice-President is charged with desiring the Presidency and with cultivating his chances for a nomination, it is in vain that he declares he has never said or written a word intimating such a desire, because no sagacious politician ever proclaims a purpose of the kind. There are, perhaps, half a dozen gentlemen who have been generally named as possible Republican candidates for the Presidency, who have possibly themselves thought that it would not be unpleasant to be President, and who would not hesitate to accept the nomination should it be offered. But the one thing which they have most carefully refrained from doing is saying or writing a word expressive of their hopes and desires upon the subject. If they take a journey, if they stay at home, if they make a speech, if they write a letter, if they do nothing whatever, it is all equally significant, and believed to point to the Presidency. It is, of course, useless for any of them to allude to the subject except to say that they would not accept the nomination, and even that would hardly be believed.

The Vice-President's advice to his party is that its leaders should be magnanimous, and forgive and forget, and invite the sheep who strayed in '72 to return to the fold. This is metaphorical language. Those who speak for the "Liberal" secession of that year are naturally fond of representing it as a simple movement for purity in politics. But, in fact, while there was a certain element of honest indignation with the Republican management, there was an immense element of the "sorehead," pure and simple, perfectly well known to all who knew something of the interior history of many of the leaders in every State; and it was this element which captured the Cincinnati Convention and the whole movement. It is useless to "cant" about it. The most ludicrous and stupendous joke in our political history was the invitation to regard the support of Horace Greeley by the Northern and Southern Democracy, with a few honest and very many dishonest Republicans at their backs, as a great movement for the moral regeneration of American politics. As we have said, there was decided and reasonable Republican dissatisfaction, but the better part of this dissatisfaction felt itself to be betrayed by the Cincinnati performance, and co-operated with the party in the election. The dissatisfaction, however, increased so rapidly that in the last year's elections it led those who felt it to abandon the party. Mr. Wilson's opinion is that all good reasons for such perilous dissatisfaction should be removed, so that this dissatisfied element should henceforth co-operate with the party; and he is unquestionably correct. That policy, and that alone, will secure the Republican ascendency. It is not those who, like the Vice-President, say so, but those who, like his critics, ridicule his saying it, who are the true enemies of the Republican cause.

PROHIBITION POLITICS.

The New York Prohibition Convention has nominated candidates for State officers, and has published its platform, which is short and to the point. The Convention resolved "that it is neither right nor politic for the State to license any traffic or system that tends to increase crime, corrupt morals, and destroy life." In that declaration all good men will undoubtedly agree, if it is understood to mean, as it should mean, that it is the duty of the State, by every reasonable and practicable means, to decrease crime by providing certain and probable punishments, and in the same way to purify morals and save life. It can not be truthfully asserted, of course, that the primary purpose of the State is the purification of morals and manners, nor the lengthening of life; but it is true that the wise conservation of order and the defense of individual liberty do tend to good morals and manners. The Convention further resolves, as the objective point of the political efforts of its party, "that we are unalterably committed to an amendment to the Constitution of the State prohibiting the manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages." This resolution is not directed against the manufacture and sale of alcoholic liquors, but only against such liquors when used as beverages. If the liquor is not made specifically to be drunk, it is not condemned. Should not the Convention, therefore, have declared its object to be a constitutional amendment prohibiting the sale and drinking of alcoholic liquors?

The gentlemen who made the platform and nominated the candidates are honest citizens deeply persuaded of the terrible consequences of an evil that all good people deplore, and which they would do what they can to remedy. Yet they differ widely as to the best means of dealing with it, and the vote in this State for what is called a strictly prohibition platform has been always so small that it shows how inconsiderable is the number who would risk transferring power from a party which if not "prohibitive," is yet "temperate," to one which is the acknowledged ally and instrument of the liquor interest. We know, of course, the feeling of the more advanced prohibition leaders. "Drunkenness," they say, "is now the chief curse of the country, as slavery was a few years ago. Neither of the great parties will deal radically with the subject, and we must therefore organize and vote until we compel one of them to accept our platform. That is the way the Liberty party men did with the Whigs and Democrats, and that is the course that we must pursue with the Democrats and Republicans. We prohibitionists are generally Republicans, and the party can retain us only on condition of declaring for prohibition."

The argument is conclusive to those with whom prohibition takes entire and absolute precedence of all other issues. But they are few. Great and undeniable as are the evils of drunkenness, the vast mass of sober and intelligent men feel that their political action must be determined by a wide and general survey of all the aspects of the situation, and that he votes most wisely who takes the course which, upon the whole and under all the circumstances, is of the most advantage to the cause of temperance. The illustration drawn from slavery is not so entirely apposite as seems to be sometimes thought. For the Whig Convention which nominated Scott took practically a pro-slavery position. But no Republican Convention has taken corresponding action upon the temperance question. The Republican party certainly is not a prohibition party, but in the best sense it is a temperance party, and has never shown a disposition to become a free-liquor party. As the best sentiment of the country agrees that the subject shall be legislatively treated by authorizing a license system, the Republicans would make that system as just and efficient as practicable. Farther than this, as a national party, it will not go, and the attempt to buy the prohibition support by adopting a prohibition platform could end only in the destruction of the party. This is perfectly well understood by the bulk of Republicans, and they will probably act accordingly. The vote for the prohibition nomination will show the number of those Republicans who are of opinion that the promotion of the cause of temperance by means of strict prohibition is a result for which every other interest and object, including the present advance of temperance itself, shall be risked.

LONGFELLOW'S NEW POEM.

Mr. Longfellow's poem at Bowdoin College on the fiftieth anniversary of his class will be published in *Harper's Magazine* for August by especial arrangement, and the Magazine will be issued immediately after the delivery of the poem. It will, of course, be the great event of the college year and of the season of literary celebrations. Mr. Longfellow, who is by far the most popular of our poets, and is probably more widely read than any poet living, has very seldom written an occasional poem, and has declined all invitations to appear upon the platform. But the voice of his old classmates, summoning him to speak for them and to them at such a time and among the old scenes, was a call that the poet's heart obeyed, and for which the country will be grateful, since it has procured us the poem whose pensive music, recalling "the tender grace of a day that is dead," will appeal to the fond and faithful consciousness of every generous man. The poem is of about three hundred lines, and we have no right by description or quotation to mar the symmetry of its impression upon the reader.

THE COMMENCEMENT SEASON.

It is a misfortune that the dog-days and the college Commencements come together. The heat of our summers is so sudden and so fierce that attendance upon the literary anniversaries or participation in them is an act of self-sacrifice. During the heat of the summer our climate is really southern and tropical, and there is no good reason that we should not order our public life accordingly. The college year ends with June, and re-opens usually with October. The end of September and the beginning of October is the most equable and delightful season in this climate, and it is unfortunate that it can not be made the season of the college celebrations. This could easily be secured by adopting the arrangement that formerly prevailed at Brown University, where the Commencement took place at the end of the long vacation, on the first Wednesday of September; but it could readily be made the last Wednesday. The enjoyment of the occasion would be immensely increased by appointing it in the pleasant autumn weather; and there is no better argument for the present custom than long usage. Every day during the intensely hot weather at the end of June this year there were several Commencements, and all the sermons, orations, and speeches were addressed to the most melted audiences.

There is another reflection which has doubtless occurred to many of the interested readers of the descriptions of those anniversaries. It is that of the great number of collegiate institutions in the country. In the State of New York alone there are, we believe, about twenty-five. Of course the larger part of these are only by courtesy to be called colleges; and although the instruction furnished by them is admirable and adequate for many purposes, they can not have that amplitude and variety of learned resource which belong to the university. Every scholar and every youth who desires the largest opportunity for education naturally turns to Europe, or to three or four of the chief institutions in this country. And every person who would found a school as his monument, or promote the cause of education in general, can usually do it much more wisely and efficiently by adding to the endowment of those already established than by seeking to establish new ones. We have recently mentioned the munificent gift of Mr. Sage to Cornell University. He has given not less than three hundred thousand dollars to that institution, and Mr. M'Graw had previously given another large sum. Each of these gentlemen might have preferred to build himself a monument by founding a separate college; but they wisely knew that union is strength, and that one university fully endowed and equipped is more serviceable to sound learning and the great purposes of a university than a dozen starved and struggling colleges.

Still another reflection of the Commencement season is the higher and manlier tone of the college students. The "hazing" of other days, which was a jesting as refined and witty and manly as ducking in a horse-pond or tossing in a blanket, is swiftly disappearing. The under-graduates are becoming, in conduct and feeling, what they are always called by the president and faculty—"young gentlemen." This is the result of many causes, and chief among them of a resolution to make the university deserve its name by raising the standard of requirements for admission. This is a matter to be managed with great tact, and with a constant consciousness that America is neither Germany nor England. The inter-collegiate contests of strength and skill as well as of scholarship co-operate in the good result, for whatever tends to make young men generously emulous also breeds a manly contempt of the follies of practical joking, which is the polite word for the stupidities of hazing. There is an excellent modern custom also of giving the alumni a voice in the election of trustees. In this way provision is made for the constant infusion of new life into the management, and so of keeping the college in harmony with the age. These are all pleasant signs, for in no country is there greater need of that kind of character and conduct which springs from thorough intellectual training than in ours.

PERSONAL.

Samuel Gardner Drake, whose death has added another name to the roll of the year's eminent dead, was the oldest Boston bookseller, having in 1828 established the first distinctively antiquarian bookstore in the country. Among the younger men whose imprints are familiar to the present generation, William Lee, of the well-known firm of Lee & Shepard, gained his first knowledge of books while a boy in Mr. Drake's store; and James T. Fields was a shop-boy for another book-selling house, in which he eventually became a partner. Mr. Drake's assertion that Lee was the best boy he ever had will not be disputed by Mr. F. S. Drake, author of a *Dictionary of American Biography*, who also graduated from his father's store in Cornhill. The *Book of the Indians*, issued in 1833, and the *History of Antiquities of Boston*, published in 1856, have given Mr. Drake enduring fame. The former work, which has been supplemented by many others from his pen in the same department of American history, passed through many editions. The *History of Boston* is now also out of print, and readily commands twice the original price of publication. This volume closed with the year 1770. Some three years ago the city of Boston contracted with its historian to complete his work, but Mr. Drake's failing health compelled the abandonment of the design. As one of the founders of the N. E. Historical and Genealogical Society, and its president, as an originator and long the editor of its struggling periodical, Mr. Drake perhaps more than any one promoted the objects for which they were established, and in which he took a deep interest. Few men were his equals in knowledge of American history or literature; and such was the method with which this information was arranged that an authority, a fact, or a date was always at command. Mr. Drake left four sons. The eldest, already mentioned, and the third son, Samuel Adams Drake, are known as authors. John R. Drake, of Buffalo, and George B. Drake, of Boston, are the others. After an honorable and useful life, attended by those who best knew and valued him, the venerable bookseller, antiquary, and author was laid to rest just as the cannon proclaimed the anniversary he had so ardently wished, but could not live, to see.

—The Faxton Hospital, at Utica, has just been formally opened and given to the city. It cost $50,000. Mr. Theodore S. Faxton, the donor, who has already given $40,000 for charitable institutions in Utica, was in the olden ante-railroad times one of the leading proprietors of the stage-coach lines from Utica to Albany, and a partner of the late Daniel Butterfield. These gentlemen and a few associates organized an express company in opposition to the American, and carried it on so successfully that finally the two became merged in one. All those old stage and express and telegraph men became rich, and several of them have built and endowed benevolent and educational institutions that will be their best and most enduring monument.

—Mr. Keely, the inventor of the new motor, proposes within a few weeks to make a practical experiment of his invention on the railroad from Philadelphia to New York. The motive principle is said to be the expansive power of carbonic acid. Heretofore the great scientific difficulty has been to know how to utilize this wonderfully expansive power—to harness it. This Mr. Keely claims to have done. It is said that if applied to navigation, the propelling power would not cost more than five dollars to run a steamer from Savannah to New York, while only one-fourth of the room for the machinery would be required.

—Anthony Radford Strutt, who died recently in England at the age of eighty-four, held more property in the shares of companies than any one in England. His wealth was estimated at $15,000,000. He was a Unitarian, and requested that his funeral should be very simple. There were no pall-bearers nor mourning coaches. Usually at the funerals of men of great wealth there is a good deal of solemn *strut;* not so at this one.

—The body of John Blackford, an American, has recently been found in a large ice block in the neighborhood of Mont Blanc, after several days of thaw. Three years ago Mr. B. tried to ascend Mont Blanc without a guide, and perished. His features and clothes are said to be perfectly preserved.

—The late ex-Vice-President Breckinridge left an estate of about $40,000.

—Professor Simon Newcomb, whose fourteen years of service at the U. S. Naval Observatory have shed lustre on American science, and gained for him the highest honors that foreign societies can bestow, has at his own request been relieved from charge of the great telescope. He will be succeeded by Professor Asaph Hall.

—Mr. Bancroft is again the recipient of honor from abroad, the Prussian Emperor having by royal decree conferred upon him the order *pour le mérite*. German members of this order can be appointed only when a vacancy arises, the number being strictly limited to thirty. Theologians are expressly declared ineligible to this distinction. Alexander von Humboldt was the first chancellor of the order, the second was the legist Savigny, the third the classical philologist and historian Boeck, succeeded by the historian Leopold von Ranke. The first vice-chancellor was the painter Cornelius, and on his death Professor Dove was appointed to the dignity. Field-Marshal Von Moltke is a member both of the military and of the civil order *pour le mérite*.

—Mr. Amherst Wight is the oldest living member of the New England Society of New York. Mr. Wight plants on his farm in Port Chester every year as many hills of corn as he is years old, planting them on his birthday. This year he planted eighty-four hills—quite a corn field. In the words of an extinct patriot, "The country is safe; let the people plant corn."

—Auber, who lately died rich and covered with fame, is soon to have a fine monument. Mozart, on the contrary, died at thirty-six, poor and neglected, and will never have a tombstone, for this reason: He died in the morning of a gloomy winter's day; the same evening his body was carried to the common vault, accompanied by only a few persons. In the following night came a terrible storm, the cemetery was inundated, and since then no one has ever been able to discover the spot where he was interred.

—Count Corti, who leaves the Italian legation at Washington to assume that at Constantinople, is the ablest diplomate Italy has sent to us, and, indeed, one of the ablest of the entire diplomatic corps. He arose under the premiership of Count Cavour, by whom he was regarded with especial favor for his tact and diplomatic skill. He was prominent among the few who, through personal influence, contributed to a satisfactory conclusion of the Treaty of Washington, and it was due to him that on that occasion Italy was intrusted with so important a part in the settlement of our difficulty both in the court of Geneva and in the Mixed Commission in Washington. His part in the settlement of the British claims against the United States is well known. As umpire and chairman of the Commission, he gave two years of unremitting labor to the investigation of those claims, and it was owing to his intelligence, impartiality, and firmness that the enormous sum of $96,000,000 claimed against the United States government was reduced to the comparatively small amount of less than $2,000,000. His services were specially recognized by the President in one of his annual messages, and by the governments of England and the United States jointly, which united in presenting him with a testimonial worthy of the two nations.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The jury in the Beecher-Tilton case, after a week's deliberation, disagreed, and were discharged on the 2d inst.

Two hundred Jesuit priests who have been expelled from Germany by the edict of Bismarck are expected to arrive soon at Quincy, Illinois. They will be accommodated at the monastery, and will be sent wherever called or needed.

The Postmaster-General has directed that the fee for registering either foreign or domestic letters at any post-office in the United States hereafter shall be ten cents, in addition to the regular postage, to be fully prepaid.

Governor Tilden has vetoed a bill passed by the last Legislature empowering the Governor to discharge any prisoner sentenced for twenty-five years or upward at the expiration of fifteen years, provided he has behaved well during that time. The design of the enactment was to promote good behavior and the discipline of the prisoners; but the Governor objects, on the ground that the terror of the law, which now deters men capable, through revenge, passion, or lust, of committing atrocious crimes, would be greatly lightened by a change which provides for their liberation even at the end of the long period of fifteen years.

A beautiful monument of Italian marble, erected at the Beverly cemetery in memory of New Jersey soldiers who fell in the late war, was unveiled with appropriate ceremonies June 28. Governor Bedle received the monument on behalf of the State, and ex-Governor Parker and other distinguished gentlemen also took part in the exercises.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The damage done by the recent heavy floods in the valley of the Garonne, in France, was much greater than at first reported. The lowest estimate of deaths in the flooded district is 2000. In Toulouse alone 2000 persons are believed to have perished, and as many as 2600 houses in the town and environs were swept away. The damage in that city and Agen alone is thought to exceed $24,000,000. The French Assembly voted $398,000 for the relief of the sufferers.

There were also frightful inundations in Bohemia, Moravia, Carinthia, the Tyrol, and Banat, with some loss of life and great destruction of property. Many bridges were carried away, thousands of cattle drowned, and crops in several districts totally ruined.

A disastrous thunder-storm passed over the city of Buda-Pesth, in Hungary, June 29. The lightning was incessant, and hail fell in such quantities that the roofs of the houses and the surrounding hills were covered two feet thick with ice. The water-fall was extraordinary. Torrents swept through the streets of Buda, carrying men, vehicles, and every thing movable down into the Danube. Many houses were flooded and destroyed before their inmates could escape. Five hundred of the inhabitants are missing, and one hundred and twenty dead bodies were found in the river. All the railways were interrupted.

The British court of inquiry have reported in regard to the loss of the steamer *Schiller* that the wreck was caused solely by the failure to use the lead.

A conflagration at Palacios, in the province of Seville, Spain, June 27, destroyed 140 buildings.

The Spanish frigate *Victoria* has bombarded with destructive effect the ports of Matrico and Deva, on the Guipuscoan coast, held by the Carlists. Bermeo and Madaca have also been subjected to heavy showers of shot and shell.

It is officially reported from Cuba that on June 24 a band of insurgents, led by the mulatto Rios, came down from the hills and burned four plantations, besides committing several robberies. The troops pursued and scattered the band, killing seventy-five men. Rios was captured and shot. The Spanish loss was twelve killed and wounded.

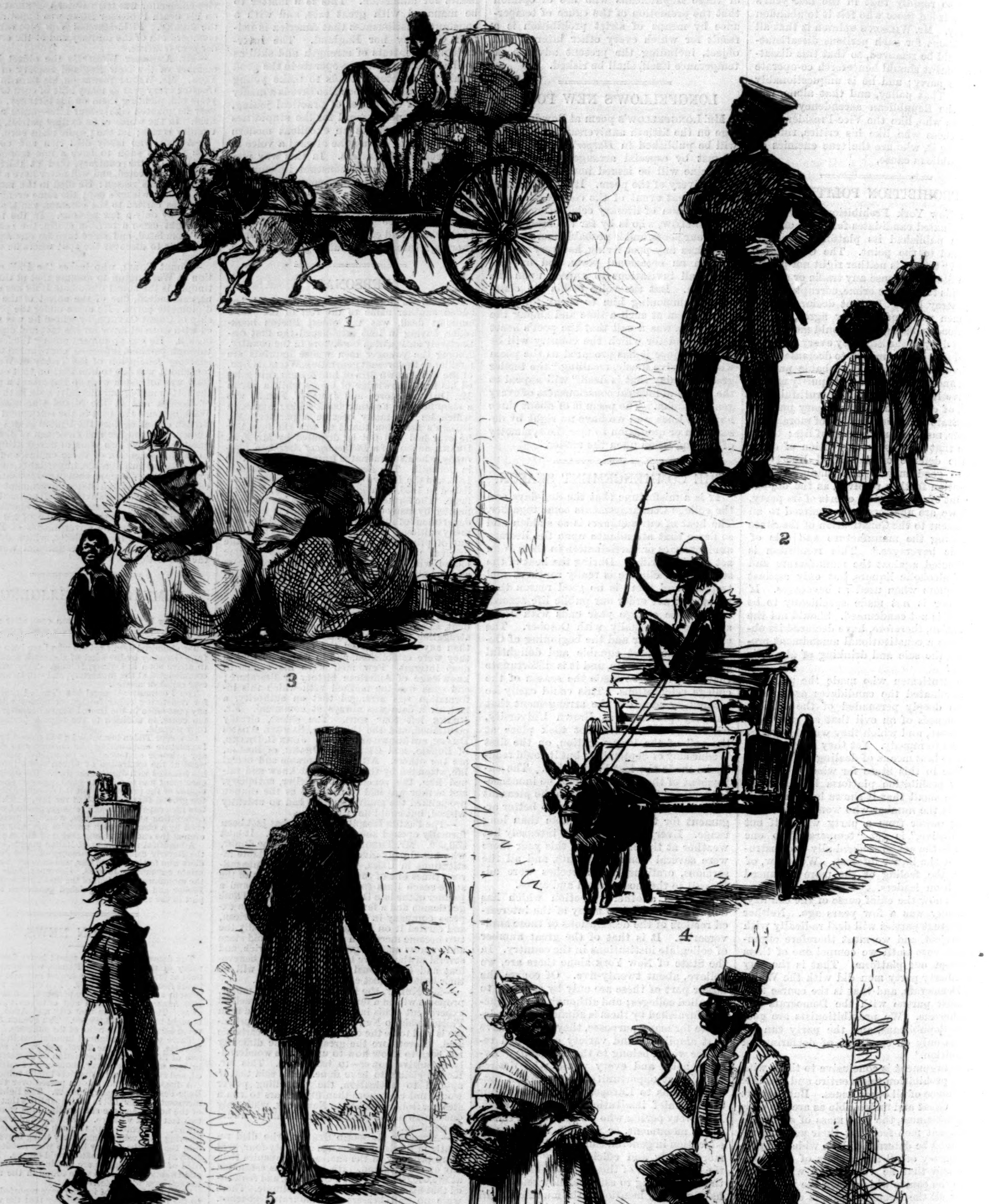
The Spanish government, by royal decree, has ordered that members of the Carlist Juntas, and all families of which any member is in the Carlist service, be expelled from Spain, and directing that the property of Carlists be confiscated, and devoted to indemnifying communities suffering from Carlist requisitions.

Ferdinand I., ex-Emperor of Austria, died June 29, aged eighty-two years.

The Italian Senate has passed the Public Safety Bill for the prevention of brigandage in Sicily and elsewhere. The measure had already passed the Chamber of Deputies.

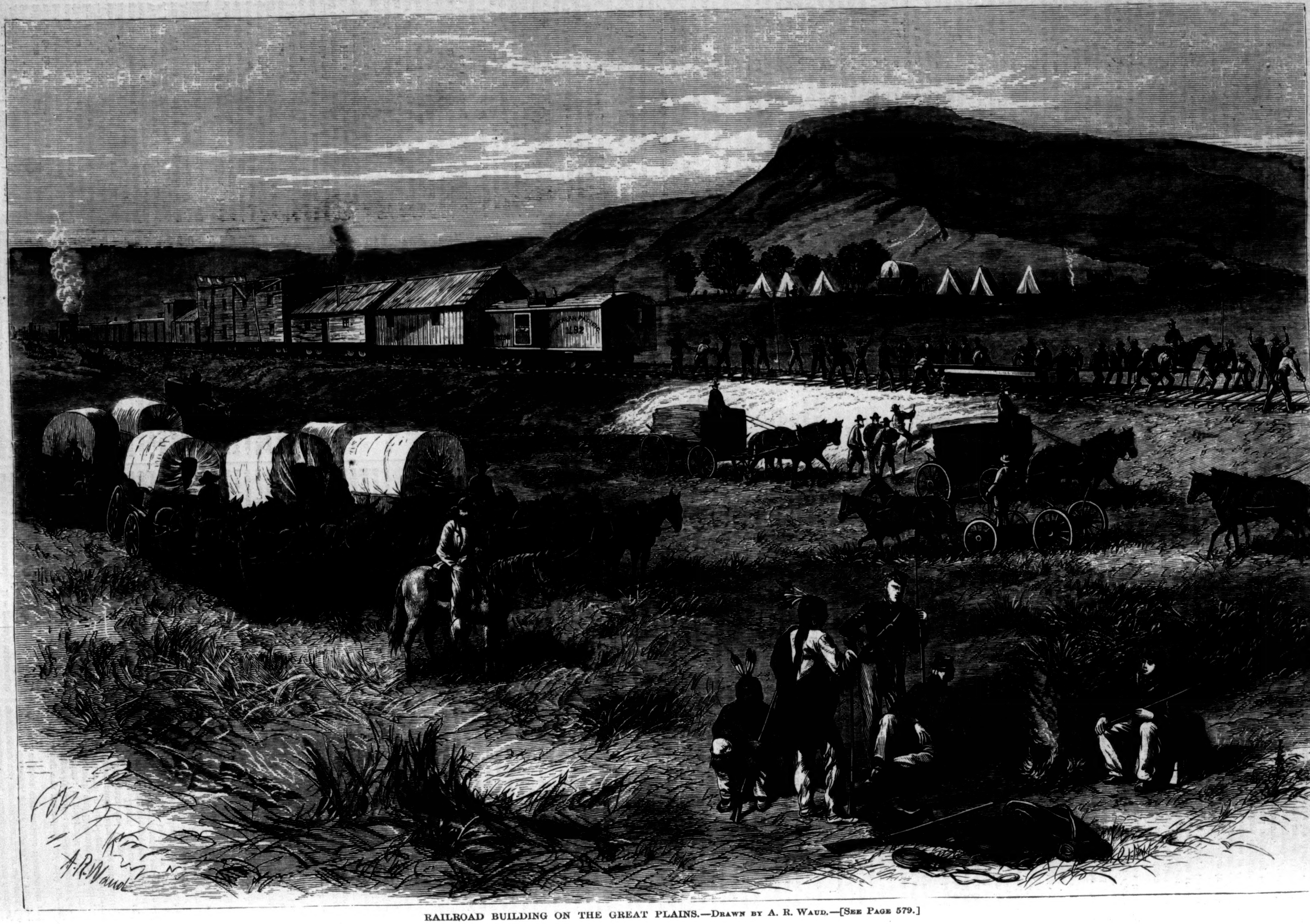
The Belgian Senate has passed the House bill making the offer to commit murder a penal offense.

The Prussian law abrogating three clauses of the Constitution has been sanctioned by the Emperor and officially promulgated.



1. Cotton Dray. 2. A Limb of the Law. 3. Gossips. 4. Light-wood Cart. 5. "A Relic." 6. Milk Girl. 7. In the Market—Poultry Dealer. 8. "Horse" Car.

SKETCHES IN CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.



RAILROAD BUILDING ON THE GREAT PLAINS.—Drawn by A. R. Waud.—[See Page 579.]

THE GREAT RIFLE-MATCH.

The International rifle-match between the American and Irish teams took place on the 29th of June at Dollymount Range, about two miles from Dublin, and resulted in a splendid victory for the Americans, by a score of 967 to 929. The shooting was at distances of 800, 900, and 1000 yards, fifteen shots at each distance. The Irish riflemen used the Rigby muzzle-loading rifle. The Americans used breech-loaders—Fulton, Bodine, Dakin, and Coleman shooting with Remington rifles, and Gildersleeve and Yale with Sharps's. These six gentlemen represented the American nine at the match. Their opponents were Messrs. James Wilson, Edmond Johnson, J. B. Hamilton, J. Pollock, John M'Kenna, and J. K. Milner. We have already given sketches of the American riflemen, and brief mention of the personal characteristics of their antagonists will be of interest.

Mr. Wilson is a merchant of Belfast. He is of medium stature, of dark, swarthy complexion, with black hair and side whiskers, and is twenty-seven years of age. In shooting he lies face downward, and, though slightly built, holds his gun very steady. He was second in the list of scores in the International match of 1874.

Mr. Johnson is a slight-built, although muscular, man, with sandy hair and light mustache, and in shooting lies on his back and rests the muzzle of his gun over his left thigh. His score in the International match last year was fifth in the list. He is thirty-three years of age, a jeweler by occupation, and resides in Dublin.

Mr. Milner is a wool merchant of Dublin. He is twenty-five years of age, about six feet in height, of lithe figure, with "Burnside" whiskers. In shooting he lies on his back, with the butt of his rifle resting in the hollow of his shoulder, with the barrel resting on his left foot. The rear sight of his rifle is placed near the butt. In the match last year he scored eleven consecutive bull's-eyes at 800 yards distance, but by scoring a bull's-eye on the wrong target he caused the defeat of his team.

Dr. J. B. Hamilton, of Dublin, is a surgeon in the British army. He is thirty-seven years of age, of medium height, slender build, with light hair and mustache, and ruddy complexion. He recorded the third best score in the first International match. He takes a position similar to that adopted by Mr. Wilson, and is considered a reliable shot.

Mr. John M'Kenna is a wealthy merchant of Belfast. During the practice for places on the Irish team he, on one occasion, recorded a score of 208 out of a possible 225 on a Wimbledon circular target.

Mr. Pollock has no previous public record. That he is an expert marksman will be seen by his score, in which he takes first rank at 800 yards.

The day for the match opened unfavorably. The weather was hazy and the wind variable. An immense throng of people from the city and the neighboring country was present to witness the contest. The Lord Mayor of London, the Lord Mayor of Dublin, with many other prominent personages from different parts of the United Kingdom, were among the spectators. The firing began about eleven o'clock at 800 yards. So equal was the shooting that the score at the close stood 338 for the Irish and 337 for the American riflemen. Both sides were confident and buoyant; but this was the only success achieved by the Irish during the day.

The crowd increased rapidly during the progress of the firing, and at least twenty thousand people were on the ground when the shooting at 900 yards commenced, at two o'clock. The Irish riflemen made several misses, and the excitement among the crowd of spectators ran so high as to threaten a disturbance. At the close of the firing the score stood 327 for the Americans and 292 for the Irish, whose defeat was now certain and acknowledged. It was impossible for them to make up for the points lost without a total break-down on the American side. "Lunch was taken," says the correspondent of the New York *Times*, "in chagrin, gloom, outspoken dissatisfaction, and symptoms of disorganization among the Irish team."

The crowd had now increased to about thirty thousand, and had become almost unmanageable from excitement. The police were powerless to restore order, and the Americans refused to go on with the match while the confusion lasted. Through the exertions of the gentlemen present the disorder among the crowd was partially checked, and after a delay of a little more than half an hour, the firing proceeded at 1000 yards. The Americans, cool and collected, made excellent scores, and the Irish, though rather nervous and dejected, were not far behind their opponents, the score standing at the close 303 for the Americans to 299 for the Irish. Near the close the ropes were broken through by the crowd, Fulton and Bodine not having finished. The former missed in consequence of the disorder, and the crowd rushed across the grounds, cheering and causing great confusion. Bodine had still to make his last shot. He quietly took position, and lay still, waiting for a chance to fire. The crowd ranged itself along the line of fire, leaving an opening widening toward the targets. A puff of smoke, the sharp crack of the rifle was heard, and the marksman's bullet flattened in the bull's-eye.

The moment the result was announced a tremendous cheer was given for the Americans, and Major Leech, on behalf of his countrymen, acknowledged the defeat of the Irish riflemen, and declared the Americans the best shots in the world. He then called for cheers for Colonel Gildersleeve and his men, which were not very heartily given; but when called for by a man in the crowd they were given with tremendous enthusiasm. Colonel Gildersleeve replied, returning thanks to Ireland for her generous and inexhaustible hospitality. He acknowledged the entire fair play and open field that had been shown the Americans, and was proud of a victory over such skillful adversaries.

The Americans were very popular before the match, and their calmness, modesty, discipline, and self-reliance raised them even higher in public estimation. Various reasons are assigned for the failure of the Irish team. It is said that they did not practice together till the day before the match. One of them lays the blame on a foul rifle, another on the hustling crowd. There was great excitement and some ill feeling at first; but the Lord Mayor's banquet in the evening, a brilliant affair, at which a large number of very distinguished guests were present, tended to restore good feeling and harmony. The Americans were loudly cheered.

There was a decided improvement in the shooting of the Americans at the match over their practice, and over the score of the Creedmoor match of last year. Out of a possible score of 1080 points, 967 were scored by our men, making the average within a fraction of 89½ per cent., the highest team score ever recorded. The percentage of the Irish team is a little over 86. In the following tables we give a recapitulation of the score of each member of both teams:

SCORES OF THE AMERICAN TEAM.

Yards.	COLONEL H. A. GILDERSLEEVE.	Totals.
800	3 4 4 4 4 3 4 4 4 4 3 4 3 4 4—56	
900	4 4 4 4 4 4 4 3 3 4 4 4 3 4 3—56	
1000	2 4 4 4 3 3 3 4 4 3 3 4 4 4 3—52	164
	GENERAL T. S. DAKIN.	
800	4 4 3 4 4 4 4 4 3 4 4 4 4 4 4—58	
900	4 4 3 4 3 3 4 4 4 4 4 4 3 3 4—55	
1000	0 0 3 3 4 4 2 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4—51	164
	COLONEL JOHN BODINE.	
800	4 4 3 4 4 4 0 4 2 4 4 3 4 4 4—52	
900	4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 3 4 4 4 4 4—59	
1000	4 4 4 3 4 3 4 3 4 4 2 2 3 3 4—51	162
	MAJOR HENRY FULTON.	
800	3 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 3 4 4 4 4 4—58	
900	4 4 4 4 3 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 3 4 3—57	
1000	3 3 4 4 4 2 0 4 3 4 4 3 4 4 0—46	161
	MR. G. W. YALE.	
800	2 4 4 4 3 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4—57	
900	2 3 4 4 3 3 3 4 3 4 4 3 4 4 4—52	
1000	4 3 4 3 4 3 4 4 3 3 3 2 4 4 3—51	160
	MR. R. C. COLEMAN.	
800	4 3 3 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 3 4 3—56	
900	3 4 4 0 4 4 4 4 0 4 3 4 4 4 2—48	
1000	3 4 3 2 4 3 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 3 2—52	156
Total scores of the American team		967

SCORES OF THE IRISH TEAM.

Yards.	MR. JAMES WILSON.	Totals.
800	4 4 4 4 3 3 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4—58	
900	3 3 4 2 4 4 3 3 3 4 3 3 3 4 4—50	
1000	4 4 4 3 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 3 2 3—55	163
	MR. EDMOND JOHNSON.	
800	3 3 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4—58	
900	4 3 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 3 3 4 3 3 3—54	
1000	3 4 3 3 4 4 4 3 3 3 3 3 4 3 3—50	162
	DR. J. B. HAMILTON.	
800	3 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 3 4 4 3 3 4 4—56	
900	3 3 3 4 3 4 3 4 4 4 4 4 4 3 4—54	
1000	3 3 4 4 4 4 4 3 4 3 3 4 4 0 4—51	161
	MR. J. POLLOCK.	
800	4 4 4 4 4 4 4 3 4 4 4 4 4 4 4—59	
900	4 3 4 4 4 3 4 4 2 4 3 3 4 4 3—53	
1000	4 3 4 3 4 4 3 3 3 3 4 4 0 3 4—49	161
	MR. JOHN M'KENNA.	
800	0 3 4 4 3 4 4 4 4 3 4 4 3 4 4—52	
900	2 0 3 3 4 4 3 4 0 3 4 4 3 3 4—44	
1000	4 4 4 3 3 4 4 3 3 3 4 3 3 4 4—53	149
	MR. J. K. MILNER.	
800	0 4 4 4 4 3 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4—55	
900	0 0 4 4 4 0 3 0 0 3 3 4 4 4 4—37	
1000	3 4 0 4 4 3 3 4 0 3 0 4 3 3 3—41	133
Total scores of the Irish team		929

For the sake of comparison, we append the scores in the International match of last year at Creedmoor:

AMERICAN TEAM.

Yards.	MAJOR HENRY FULTON.	Totals.
800	4 4 4 4 4 4 4 3 4 4 4 4 4 4 3—58	
900	3 4 4 4 3 3 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4—57	
1000	4 3 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 3 3 3—56	171
	MR. G. W. YALE.	
800	3 3 3 3 4 4 3 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4—55	
900	4 3 4 4 4 4 3 4 4 3 4 4 3 4 4—56	
1000	4 3 3 4 3 4 4 4 4 4 0 3 3 4 4—51	162
	COLONEL JOHN BODINE.	
800	3 3 3 4 4 3 4 4 4 4 4 4 3 3 4—54	
900	3 3 4 3 4 4 4 3 4 4 4 3 3 2 3—51	
1000	4 3 3 4 4 4 3 3 3 4 4 2 4 4 4—53	158
	COLONEL H. A. GILDERSLEEVE.	
800	3 4 4 4 2 4 4 3 4 4 4 3 3 4 3—53	
900	4 4 3 4 4 4 3 4 3 3 3 4 0 4 4—51	
1000	3 3 4 2 3 4 4 3 3 4 3 4 3 4 4—51	155
	MR. L. L. HEPBURN.	
800	3 3 4 4 4 2 4 4 4 3 3 4 4 4 3—53	
900	3 4 3 4 2 4 3 3 3 4 4 3 4 4 2—50	
1000	0 4 3 4 3 3 3 3 3 3 4 3 4 4 3—46	149
	GENERAL T. S. DAKIN.	
800	4 4 4 3 3 3 2 3 4 3 4 4 3 4 4—53	
900	3 2 4 0 3 4 3 3 4 4 3 2 3 3 4—45	
1000	0 4 4 3 4 4 3 0 3 4 2 3 3 4 0—41	139
Grand total		934

IRISH TEAM.

Yards.	MR. JOHN RIGBY.	Totals.
800	3 3 3 4 3 4 3 3 4 3 3 4 4 4 4—52	
900	3 3 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 3 4 4 3 4 4—56	
1000	3 3 4 4 4 3 4 4 4 4 4 3 4 3 4—55	163
	MR. JAMES WILSON.	
800	4 3 4 3 3 3 4 3 4 4 4 3 4 4 4—54	
900	3 3 4 3 3 3 3 4 4 4 3 3 4 3 4—51	
1000	4 4 4 4 4 4 4 3 3 4 4 3 3 4 3—55	160
	DR. J. B. HAMILTON.	
800	4 4 4 4 4 3 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 3 4—58	
900	4 3 3 3 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 3 0 4 4—52	
1000	3 4 3 3 3 3 4 3 3 4 4 3 3 4 3—50	160
	MR. J. K. MILNER.	
800	3 4 3 3 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4—57	
900	0 4 3 4 4 4 4 3 3 4 2 4 4 3 3—49	
1000	3 3 4 3 4 3 4 3 0 3 3 3 4 4 4—48	154
	MR. EDMOND JOHNSON.	
800	4 3 4 2 3 3 4 4 4 3 3 3 3 4 3—50	
900	3 3 2 3 2 4 4 4 3 4 3 3 4 4 4—49	
1000	4 3 4 4 3 4 4 4 3 3 4 3 3 2 3—51	150
	CAPTAIN PHILIP WALKER.	
800	0 3 4 3 4 0 3 4 3 4 3 4 4 4 3—46	
900	4 3 4 4 3 4 4 4 4 4 3 4 3 4 3—55	
1000	0 3 4 3 4 4 0 4 3 3 3 3 3 4 2—43	144
Grand total		931

The Dollymount Range, where the match took place, of which we give an illustration on our first page, is a low sandy tract on the northern side of Dublin Bay, separated from the mainland by a tidal channel. It is greatly exposed to wind and weather, and there are records of extraordinary high tides which have actually swept over the ground occupied by the range. The name is taken from the neighboring village of Dollymount.

The Irish riflemen are naturally chagrined by their defeat on their own ground, but have no reason to be ashamed of their score. It will be seen that Colonel Bodine, at 900 yards, and Mr. Pollock, of the Irish team, at 800 yards, each scored 59 points out of a possible 60. On the American side, Colonel Gildersleeve and General Dakin each made 164 points. The highest score on the Irish side is that of Mr. Wilson, 163 points. The Americans have good reason to be proud of their victory, achieved over opponents of exceptional skill, on new ground, and under circumstances especially trying toward the close of the match. They now proceed to England for the purpose of trying their fortune in competition with the English and Scotch riflemen; and we echo the hope, said to have been universal in Dublin after the defeat of the Irish team, that they "may make a clean sweep of the prizes" in the new arena.

On the day succeeding the international match there was shooting at the Dollymount Range for the Spencer Cup, free to all comers. Messrs. Bruce, Yale, Dakin, Gildersleeve, Ballard, Coleman, and Canfield, of the American team, and all the members of the Irish team and Shooting Club, took part. The contest resulted in another victory for the Americans. Mr. Coleman won the cup, and Messrs. Gildersleeve and Yale also won prizes during the day. The range was 1000 yards.

SEA-BATHING:

ITS USE AND ABUSE.

By GHISLANI DURANT, M.D., Ph.D.

IV.—INDICATIONS AND CONTRA-INDICATIONS TO SEA-BATHING.

As a primary result of the bath we have a disturbance of the circulation; the blood, driven from the periphery to the internal organs, is in turn and with increased force propelled from the heart toward the exterior, and, as a natural consequence of this, there is an increased activity in all the physiological functions of the different organs.

The stomach, until then inactive, calls for substantial alimentation.

The other digestive organs work more rapidly and effectively.

The absorbents seize upon the digested material with greater eagerness, and thus enrich the blood.

From the more rapid production of healthy blood results an increased development of the body, and, as a consequence, pain ceases, vigor takes the place of nervous prostration, and health that of disease.

Thus we can explain the rapidity with which persons either naturally weak or just convalescing obtain a strength which they never possessed, or regain that which had been lost by continued illness, by long-sustained brain-work, excesses of every kind. Hence sea-bathing is indicated in all those cases which have resisted the pharmaceutical resources of the healing art.

It appears to me useless to enumerate all the diseases to which the human body is liable, for there are a number of affections for which no physician ever dreamed of advising sea-bathing. I have therefore concluded adopting Auber's division to indicate the category of diseases in which sea-bathing is called for.

Among the affections of the head for which sea-baths have been employed with marked success may be mentioned insomnia, nightmare, melancholia, mania, persistent and rebellious headache (when not dependent upon inflammatory states), and even, according to Dr. Kerandrew, in idiocy and certain species of insanity. Pomme, Tissot, Lorry, and Zimmermann have recorded their observations in a number of cases, the results seeming conclusive as to the good effects produced. Dr. Gaudet states that the experience of each year confirms the conclusions of these illustrious observers.

According to Lecœur, sea-bathing is indicated in the dyspnœa resulting from atony of the inspiratory muscles. Buchan states that that singular predisposition manifested by many persons to catarrhal affections generally, and particularly to a rebellious cough, which, beginning early in the fall, lasts until spring, may be overcome by sea-baths. Gilchrist, Amédée Latour, and Lecœur recommend sea-bathing to persons threatened by or in the first stages of consumption. Sea-baths have also been advocated by many authors as useful in tic-douloureux, tremulousness of the voice, difficult breathing, hiccough, nervous asthma, syncope, palpitation of the heart, and fainting depending upon a weakened nervous system.

Sea-bathing is also an excellent remedy for nervous affections of the stomach, intestines, or other abdominal organs, and in perversions of the taste, loss of appetite. It has been employed against intestinal worms, and in jaundice when not due to an engorgement of the liver or obstruction of the bile ducts, in nephritic colic, in cases of urinary calculi, both renal and vesicular, in difficult micturition and incontinence of urine, and by Lefrançois and Blatin in chronic catarrh of the bladder. According to Dr. Montegre, sea-bathing is one of the most efficacious remedies, if not the only safe one, that can be employed with certainty against hemorrhoids or piles, the bane of most people who lead a sedentary life.

Among the general diseases in which sea-bathing is indicated are included fevers and neuroses, sanguineous and nervous anæmia or asthenia, the strumous diathesis, Pott's disease, and rachitis; and some authors even include rheumatism and gout.

Sea-bathing was prescribed, and with success, in ardent fevers by Galen; in inflammatory fevers by Paul of Egina; in malignant fevers by Currie, Wright, Brandreth, and Récamier; in pestilential affections, and even in the plague, by Hildebrand and Desgenettes; and in intractable intermittents by Marcard, Huxham, and Vogel.

Pomme, Tissot, Lorry, Zimmermann, and Whyt, who are among the greatest specialists in nervous affections, all recommend sea-bathing in hysteria, more commonly known as nervous attacks; in hypochondria, that terrible disease so often born of ennui and its accompanying insomnia; and in atonic paralysis. Drs. Mourgué and Assegond state that it is of the greatest use in lymphatic engorgements, serous effusions, relaxed conditions of tissues, and *all* catarrhal effusions of mucous membranes.

Sea-bathing is almost a specific for scrofula or strumous disease, that terrible evil of which rachitis, Pott's disease, and hip-joint disease are so often the active agents. It often succeeds when tonics, bitters, iron, iodine, and cod-liver oil have completely failed, in all affections depending upon struma, either hereditary or acquired.

Great success has also attended the use of sea-baths in excessive obesity, boils, white tumors, paralysis of the extremities, wounds, contracted muscles; in the rigidity or weakness following sprains, laxations, fractures, and in anchylosis; in running sores occasioned by the imperfect healing of extensive burns, and ulcerated chilblains.

Itching and pruritus often yield quickly to this agent. Celsius himself used it in these affections. In psora it is recommended by Russel and Jadelot. Success has almost invariably followed its use in treating atonic and indolent ulcers, cold and fistulous abscesses, and even in excessive suppuration.

Vigaroux, Guyétant, Gardane, Rozier, Russel, speak highly of the benefit derived from sea-bathing in a great number of the diseases of women, and particularly in excessive or difficult menstruation, passive hemorrhages, and in chlorosis; in catarrh of the bladder, uterus, or its annexes; in the atony of the bladder, and incontinence of urine; in the anomalies of menstruation; in relaxation of the ligaments or supports of, and falling of, the womb; and finally, in chlorotic sterility. Several celebrated obstetricians recommend sea-baths against the pains and weaknesses resulting either from too prompt or too severe labors, or from imprudent and unskillful manipulation.

According to Dr. Assegond, sea-bathing is better than any other therapeutic remedy for children affected with nervous disorders. It is recommended by Sauvages, Cullen, and Buchan as especially efficacious in tabes, mesenteric scrofula, swelling of the lymphatic glands of the axilla or the neck, in scrofulous ulcers of the scalp, and parasitic affections. Hippocrates recommended sea-baths in convulsions, and since his day, and following his example, Galen, Sydenham, Hufeland, Tissot, Currie, Russel, Whyt, and Boerhave have always advised their use. Finally, Gilchrist recommends them expressly in incipient consumption and marasmus.

Elderly persons, affected with those forms of disease of the skin which (in old age) leave the cuticle and excite disease in internal organs, will derive great advantage from sea-bathing. It is also to be used when the skin disease acts as a revulsive, as the bathing aids this action.

Extreme caution is necessary in recommending sea-bathing. The age, state of health or disease, the individual idiosyncrasy, all require consideration, and even when they are indicated accidental conditions often arise suddenly which necessitate a suspension of the bathing either temporarily or periodically. There are also certain diseases where the trouble is only aggravated by sea-bathing, and of course its use is contra-indicated from the first.

Gaudet states that sea-bathing may be begun even during the first year of life. We do not agree with him in this, but would wait until the child is three or four years old, except in a few special cases, and even in these we would prepare the child for sea-bathing by having him immersed daily in a bath of sea-water, the temperature of which was gradually decreased until the average summer temperature of the sea (55° to 75° F.) was reached.

Great caution must also be exercised in regard to children from twelve to fifteen years old; for at this time sea-bathing may determine dyspnœa, nervous shock, or even convulsions.

According to Dr. Gaudet, it should be only after the most thorough examination, and then with the greatest care, that sea-bathing be permitted to young people with prominent cheekbones and high-colored cheeks, in whom a tendency to headache exists.

Women should rigorously abstain from sea-bathing during the menstrual period, that is to say, from two or three days before the flow until three or four days after, lest serious results in the form of chronic diseases follow. So also during pregnancy or nursing.

Old people should use great caution in sea-bathing, and should, in fact, consult their physician before indulging in it, because in old age there is a tendency to cerebral affections, such as congestion, apoplexy, and softening of the brain, which the bath may induce.

Again, the existence of dyspnœa, dizziness, hypertrophy of the heart, and incipient aneurism absolutely contra-indicate the use of sea-bathing, because the tonic and overstimulating action of the sea-water may develop any one of these latent troubles.

Sea-bathing should be allowed only with the greatest caution and watchfulness to persons who are of a highly nervous temperament. This is especially the case of some women whose life is a toy of their extreme nervous susceptibility; for in these cases they often cause extreme agitation, much mental distress, and prolonged fainting fits, and but aggravate the condition of the sufferer.

Sea-bathing is unsuited to those suffering from consumption, engorgement of the liver, obstruction of various organs, and in certain morbid states of the blood.

Again, sea-bathing is contra-indicated in the case of ardent, sanguine temperaments, full of life, and especially in plethoric individuals who are subject to inflammatory diseases, congestions, acute rheumatism, and erratic gout.

It is to be absolutely denied to sufferers from eruptions or continual sweating of the hands or feet, lest the sudden cessation of these troubles be followed by congestion, convulsions, apoplexy, or death.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A WOMAN AFTER ALL.

"TAKE off that hideous bonnet, Dorothy. I want to see your sweet little face without it."

"Thou shouldst not speak so, Charles. It is very wrong."

"Why, little Dorothy? Tell me why?"

"Thou knowest favor is deceitful and beauty is vain. We ought to bear our testimony against the vanity of personal looks."

"Ought we? Then tell me why it pleased Providence to make you so beautiful, my small cousin?"

"Hush, Charles. I will not permit thee to speak to me in this manner." And Dorothy Hicks, the little Quakeress, put on her gravest air, and struggled valiantly to turn the corners of her mouth down when they wanted to turn up.

"Don't look so serious, little girl. You positively alarm me." And Charles Maynard burst into a merry laugh that echoed through the poplar-trees in the old garden. "Now tell me, Dorothy—I insist upon knowing, and, as a member of your family, I consider that I have the right to be informed—are you going to marry Broadbrim!"

"Friend Ephraim is an estimable man, Charles. Thou must not speak of him thus."

"Look, Dorothy. There he is. I will quote no proverbs, but the rim of his hat turned the corner just as I spoke. Now don't look as if you intended to go back to the house, for you are not going. I'll tell you a secret. When I was down by the river this morning I found a boat with a tempting pair of oars lying in it, and I made up my mind that Dorothy Hicks and her wicked, worldly cousin from the iniquitous city of New York were going for a row in that very boat this evening."

"It is Neighbor Hancock's boat."

"He will let us have it?"

"Y-e-s. But, Charles, I fear that it is my duty—"

"No, it isn't. You know you don't want to spend this lovely evening in the house entertaining Broadbrim, and you do want to go and watch the sunset on the river with me."

Dorothy looks doubtfully toward the house and wishfully toward the river.

"'Femme qui hésite est perdue,' Dorothy, which means if we don't hurry, Graycoat will come out and catch us." Charles takes Dorothy's hand in his, and in a moment they are on their way to the shore.

"But, Charles, see that cloud in the south. If there were to be a storm?"

"But there will not. Come, jump in."

The oars are lifted into the rowlocks, Dorothy takes the management of the rudder into her little hands, and soon they are gliding over the smooth surface of the water, leaving a track of silvery bubbles behind them. It is a lovely evening. The misty shadows of twilight are gathering in the east and in the west; the clouds, blood-red and purple, are casting a rosy light all over the broad river; a fresh breeze is blowing round their faces; and waves plash against the sides of their little boat like low monotonous music. Charles is talking about his city home, telling Dorothy about the aunt and cousins she has not seen for a long time, and amusing her with stories of his college days, and his efforts to make his way in his profession, which at first were so unsuccessful. Neither of them notices that the breeze grows every moment stronger and fresher, and that the dark cloud in the south has spread over the horizon, and is covering it with darkness.

Presently a low muttering growl of thunder startles them from the dream into which they have fallen.

"Turn back, Charles, turn back!" screams Dorothy. "The storm is on us!"

But there is no turning back. They have been rowing with the tide. The river is very wide, and the increasing force of the waves and the wind together is so strong that when they attempt to turn about, the water rushes into the tiny boat. Both faces grow pale in the murky light as they see their danger.

"It is impossible; you can not do it."

"Tell me, Dorothy, what is that dark object just ahead?"

"It is a ledge of rocks, but when the tide comes in from the sea it will be covered;" and with a low moan Dorothy sinks down from her seat and covers her face with her hands.

"We will try and land there. The tide will not turn for an hour."

The effort is successful. The ledge is reached, and Charles carries Dorothy to the highest rock, and lays her gently down.

"My love, my little love," he cries, kissing her helpless hands, "have I killed you?"

"Stop!" she exclaims. "Listen! There is a boat. It is coming to us." Dorothy is upon her knees, and a wild cry of thanksgiving comes from her lips.

Ephraim Ford has followed them. The heavy boat with its single occupant is strong enough to resist the waves, and as he nears they go down to meet him.

"Back!" he cries; "I will not take but one of you. It is not safe."

The grim Quaker, with his stern, emotionless face, wrenches away the slender hands that cling to Charles, and clasping Dorothy tightly in his arms, lays her at his own feet in the bottom of his boat. No word is spoken until they reach the opposite shore. Then he takes her up again and carries her to the nearest fisher hut upon the beach.

As they stand within the shelter of the little cabin, Dorothy looks at him with wild eyes, and a cry of torture issues from her white lips.

"Go back! go back! You will go back for him?"

"Go back for your elegant city lover, whose ignorant carelessness had cost you your life but for me?"

Dorothy falls on her knees and grasps his cold hand in an agony of entreaty.

"Go back! go back!"

"Promise me first that you will not marry him. Swear it as the world's people do." Then he takes her hand and holds it up to heaven, and waits for the oath.

Dorothy's lips move, but no sound comes. She has fainted.

The fisher-wife takes the unconscious child and lays her on her own bed, and Ephraim Ford goes upon his errand of mercy with murder in his heart.

The storm has lulled for a moment. It comes on so gradually, stopping every now and then as if to make the earth believe that it were doubtful of its power. The tempest knows its strength, and can afford to wait.

Ephraim looks at the sky. It is still red in the west, the waves are rising steadily, but his strongly built boat, directed by his powerful strength, can yet make its way through them. There is yet plenty of time; the tide will not turn for half an hour.

Ephraim fights his battle with temptation, and wins the victory, for twenty minutes later the sturdy boat plows its way back to the shore, and two silent men struggle against the wind up the beach to the fisherman's hut.

Dorothy is waiting for them. Her outstretched arms would wind themselves about both, but the stern, fixed look in Ephraim's eyes restrains her, and Charles turns from her and fixes his glance upon the ground.

It is a terrible moment for Dorothy. She knows that they both love her, and she shivers at the suffering she sees in both faces. Then she remembers the oath she did not speak, and a wild sort of terror takes possession of her soul. She speaks at last, and tries to thank Ephraim for the service he has done them.

"Spare me thy gratitude, Dorothy," he commands, in the slow, solemn tone peculiar to his people. "I know I have done thee a service. I would not hear of it again. I tried to make thee swear an oath, Dorothy; I am glad it was not spoken. Tell me now, though, dost thou love this young man? Wilt thou forswear thy religion, forsake the faith of thy forefathers, and become one of the world's people?"

Dorothy's eyes look toward Charles with mute appeal.

"He has saved both our lives, dear," answers the younger man, in reply to her glance, "and he is worthy of your love." Then his eyes seek the ground again. He has received his life from this man's hands, and now he will speak no word to rob him of his dearest treasure.

"Speak, Dorothy," Ephraim repeats. "It is for you to choose."

Dorothy's voice is choked with tears, and her breast shaken with sobs, as she answers,

"It is very, very wicked of me, Ephraim, but I love him so!"

Then she stretches out her helpless hands, and the sweet lips whisper, "Charles."

Only a single word, but it decides her life. In a moment she is in her lover's arms, and for the second time that night unconscious.

The nobler man of the two goes unheeded out into the storm to conquer his heart-ache alone.

RAILROAD BUILDING ON THE PLAINS.

THE Pacific Railroad, now in operation between Omaha and San Francisco, was largely aided in its construction by the general government for military, political, and economical reasons. It was originally chartered by Congress in 1862, the act authorizing two corporations to build it from opposite ends to a meeting point. The Central Pacific Railroad Company built and now operate the portion from San Francisco to Ogden, 890 miles; and the Union Pacific Railroad Company built and now operate the eastern portion, between Omaha and Ogden, 1032 miles. But little work was done on this road between 1862 and 1864 in consequence of the civil war then raging, and in the depressed condition of money matters capitalists could not be induced to embark in the road until Congress had lightened the charter requirements. This was done by an amendment of the charter in 1864 postponing the claims of the government for its advances of bonds in favor of such advances as private capitalists should make. Work was begun on the Pacific coast during that year, and in the following year at the Missouri River end, and was from that time vigorously carried on, not less than 12,000 men being engaged at a time. The junction of the two parts was effected on the 10th of May, 1869, on the borders of Salt Lake, Utah, six years earlier than contemplated by the charter. The cost of the whole line is roughly estimated at $200,000,000, being about equally divided between the two companies, of which the government furnished to the main line about $55,000,000 in bonds, besides 20,000,000 acres of public lands adjacent to the line.

The Central Pacific Railroad crosses in its course the Sierra Nevada mountain range at an elevation of 7042 feet above tide-water. Fifteen tunnels were excavated in this mountain section, at great cost. There are also about twenty-five miles of snow sheds and galleries, erected at a cost of $1,500,000, whereby the road is operated continuously, no obstructions having arisen from snow for more than a year and a half. **LELAND STANFORD** is president and **C. R. HUNTINGTON** vice-president of the colossal corporation, whose capital is $100,000,000, and whose main line and branches amount to 2000 miles of railroad, about 1100 of which are in operation. The earnings of the Central Pacific Railroad for 1870 were, in round numbers, $8,000,000, of which $4,000,000 were net, after paying expenses. The receipts for the current year are estimated at $10,000,000 to $12,000,000. This great enterprise has, therefore, fairly entered upon a career of prosperity within six years of its beginning, when it was regarded by almost every body as a chimerical and doubtful undertaking, which, if ever completed, must be done by the government, and which would remain a burden on the public treasury. The savings to the nation from cheaper freights and increased order among our Indian tribes are already counted in millions. Our illustration on page 577 shows how the work was pushed on from day to day across the great plains, the workmen guarded by soldiers against hostile Indians, and living in construction trains.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE death of Mr. **CHARLES PEASE** took place at Cleveland on the 11th of June. Mr. **PEASE** was a grandson of Dr. **JARED P. KIRTLAND**, the **NESTOR** of Western naturalists, and who, in a green old age of over eighty years, is still actively interested in prosecuting his studies into the fishes, birds, insects, etc., of Ohio. Mr. **PEASE**, inheriting his grandfather's taste, was an active coadjutor from an early age, and, among other claims to distinction, obtained the first specimen of *Dendroica kirtlandiæ*, an extremely rare bird, of which but three specimens are on record. Mr. **PEASE** was a member of the Western Union Telegraph expedition to the Yukon River, and on the death of Mr. **KENNICOTT**, the commander of the party, brought his remains back to Chicago.

The University of California has organized a summer exploring party, which will be occupied about nine weeks in journeying through the Sierra Nevada Mountains in Mariposa, Mono, and Inyo counties, and will bestow particular attention to geology, paleontology, and mineralogy. The party will be in charge of Dr. **JOSEPH LE CONTE**, assisted by Mr. **HENRY EDWARDS**, Mr. **F. P. M'LEAN**, and Mr. **F. SLATE**.

The fourth part of the Bulletin of the Bussey Institution is filled with interesting matter, like its predecessors, a very important paper being one by Dr. **FARLOW** upon the potato-rot. We find a report, also, of the director of the Arnold Arboretum, which, it may be remembered, is based upon a bequest of Mr. **ARNOLD** to Harvard College for the purpose of bringing together a complete collection of all the American trees that will grow in the vicinity of Boston.

According to the report, 124 species were growing in the arboretum on the 1st of September, and 249 were raised during the two years ending December 1, 1874.

Professor **STORER**, in his report, continues his valuable publication by papers on some analyses of salt-marsh hay and bog hay, in which he says that there can be no doubt that both possess considerable value as fodder, and that the best method of utilizing them is yet to be settled. Dr. **STORER** also furnishes an article on the fodder value of apples.

The United States Fish Commissioner has lately been in correspondence with Mr. **VILLARROEL**, the Commissioner for the Chilian Centennial Exposition, in reference to the subject of introducing the California salmon into the rivers of Chili. Of these there are quite a number running directly into the Pacific, the principal being the Biobio, Maule, Cachapoal, Bueno, Tingieirica, and Maipu, all supplied by the melting of snow from the mountains, and permanent springs. The waters are clear, and the rivers never freeze. As to their physical condition these waters would seem to be eminently adapted to the growth of salmon as well as the trout, being much superior in this respect to those of Australia and New Zealand. Should Mr. **VILLARROEL** be successful in his application for an appropriation, the experiment will be tried next autumn by shipping a quantity of developed ova, under suitable supervision, from San Francisco to Chili for that purpose.

The lowest of known human forms is represented by a lower jaw discovered several years ago in a cave near Naulette, Belgium. It possesses the massive form characteristic of monkeys, and, like those animals, has large canine teeth and little or no chin. There is, on the other hand, no interruption in the dental series, thus resembling man. It was for some time denied that this jaw is human, but it is now fully admitted to be such. Unfortunately the remainder of the skull is unknown. Subsequently a portion of a cranium, with other bones of man, was discovered in a volcanic deposit near Denise, near Puy-en-Velay, which were thought to indicate an inferior type, and one contemporary with the activity of the volcanoes of that region. When the French Scientific Congress met at Puy these remains elicited much discussion, and their antiquity was denied. Specimens of different form and character were produced which were imbedded in the same material, but were apparently modern. Recently Dr. **SAUVAGE** has given the subject a thorough examination. He finds that the last-mentioned specimens are of doubtful authenticity, and may have been manufactured. The original ones he believes to have been buried in a volcanic eruption, and to represent a race contemporary with the activity of the volcanoes. The cranium is of the same low type as the race represented by the Neanderthal and Cannstadt skulls, having thick walls, a retreating forehead, and huge superciliary arches.

The twelfth number of Mr. **HERMANN STRECKER**'s quarto work upon indigenous and exotic lepidoptera has lately been published by him at Reading, Pennsylvania, and contains, as usual, one plate filled with figures of butterflies. Among them are several very conspicuous forms, the most prominent being that called by him *Eudæmonia Jehovah*, a term to which very serious objection has been raised on account of its apparent irreverence, but which he stoutly defends. Several new species are described in the paper, one of them being figured under the name of *Hepiolus thule*.

The third number of the second series of the Bulletin of the United States Geological and Geographical Survey of the Territories has just been published by Dr. **HAYDEN**, and is principally occupied by a series of papers upon the San Juan mines in Colorado. One of these is by the topographer **A. D. WILSON**, upon the means of communication between Denver and the San Juan mines, accompanied by a detailed map of the region and its connections.

Mr. **RHODA** contributes a report upon the topography of the San Juan country. Dr. **HAYDEN** presents an article on some peculiar forms of erosion in Eastern Colorado, with heliotype illustrations.

The study of the solar spots has very wisely been made a matter of especial attention at the observatory of Alleghany City, Pennsylvania, and Professor **LANGLEY**, the director of that institution, has the credit of having published the finest photographs and engravings that have ever yet illustrated the subject. From the very cautious wording of a recent communication from him, we gather that among the typical characteristics of the solar phenomena he has observed the following new points: 1. The filaments both of the penumbra and of the umbra are all disposed in curves, which partake of the spiral type, bearing witness to the existence of a force directed toward the centre of the spot; but it does not appear that a uniform direction of rotation prevails, since some of the filaments turn to the one, and some to the other direction, while others have a distinct double curvature. 2. The filaments grow progressively brighter toward their extremities, no matter whether they are long enough to reach from the photosphere to the edge of the penumbra, or whether they are shorter than this. 3. He finds the blackest part of the spot to be intrinsically very bright, and its reddish-brown masses are by his telescope resolved into filaments analogous to the penumbral ones, being disposed in curves, and having brighter extremities, as if their ends curled upward. **LANGLEY** sees no evidence of crystalline forms, but judges rather that we seem to look down through increasing depths of transparent whirling vapor, visible objects growing fainter till lost to sight at an unknown depth below the surface. The striking forms seen in the solar atmosphere are, he thinks, most nearly typified by certain rare types of cirrus clouds in our own atmosphere. In very many spots Mr. **LANGLEY** recognizes the movement of one stratum of solar atmosphere over another.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

MAKING BAD WORSE.—A rustic youngster being asked out to take tea with a friend, was admonished to praise the eatables. Presently the butter was passed to him, when he remarked, "Very nice butter—what there is of it;" and observing a smile, he added, "and plenty of it—such as it is."

WHY SHE NEVER TOLD HER LOVE.

Could it be virgin bashfulness
  That still concealed the tender thought?
Or fear she might perchance confess
  A love that was not sought?

Was it mere womanly caprice?
  Or pride? or maidenly reserve?
Was it respect for mental peace?
  Or merely want of nerve?

She could not choose but understand,
  He thought, his little game of sighs,
Slow parting pressures of the hand,
  Soft words, and "speaking eyes."

The reason why (this was above
  Ten years ago) he now knows well:
She simply never told her love,
  Because—*she'd none to tell!*

"I didn't think you would be so hard with me," as the shark said when he bit the anchor.

The most astonishing instance of a man's regard for his word was recently given by a man who killed his wife, whom he did not like. When asked why he didn't go off and leave her instead of killing her, he replied, jocosely, that he had promised on the wedding-day to live with her until death should part them, and that he wasn't the man to break his word!

Why is the top of a bald man's head like the north pole?—Because it is a great bear (bare) place.

"Sir," said a little blustering man to a religious opponent, "to what sect do you suppose I belong?" "Well, I don't exactly know," replied the other; "but to judge from your size and appearance, I should think you belonged to the class generally called insects."

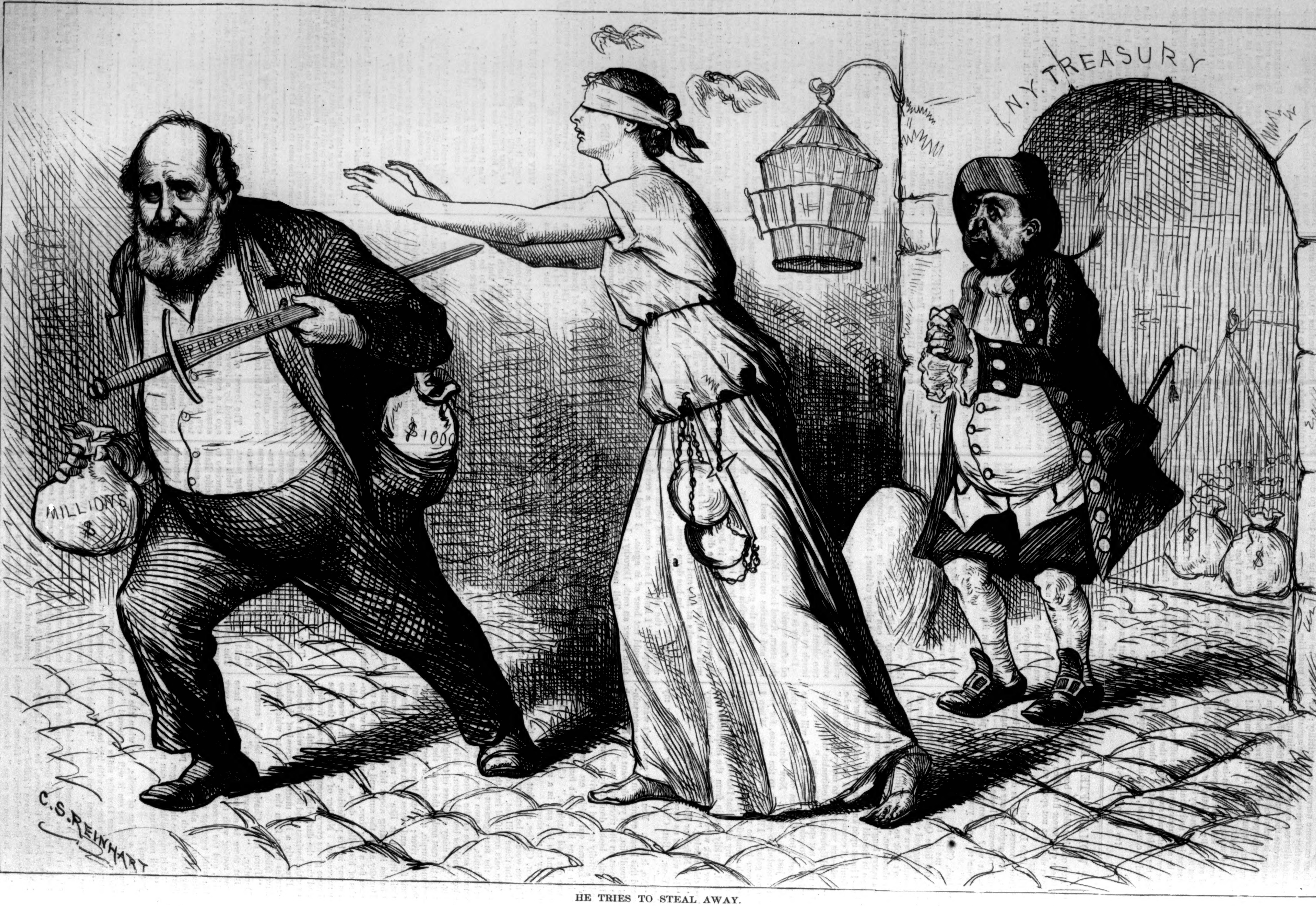
A person looking at some skeletons the other day asked a young doctor present where he got them. He replied, "We raised them."

A wife who had been lecturing her husband for coming home intoxicated became incensed at his indifference, and exclaimed, "Oh, that I could wring tears of anguish from your eyes!" To which the hardened wretch hiccoughed, "'Tai-'tain't no use, old woman, to bo-bore for water here."

Curran was once asked by one of his brother judges, "Do you see any thing ridiculous in this wig?" "Nothing but the head," was the reply.

"Tom, you seem to gain flesh every day; the grocery business must agree with you. What did you weigh last?" "Well, Jim, I really forget now; but it strikes me it was a pound of butter."

In bull-fight days a blacksmith who was rearing a bull-pup induced his old father to go on all fours to imitate the bull. The canine pupil pinned the old man by the nose. The son, disregarding parental roaring, exclaimed, "Hold him, Growler, boy! hold him! Bear it, father, bear it; it 'll be the making of the pup!"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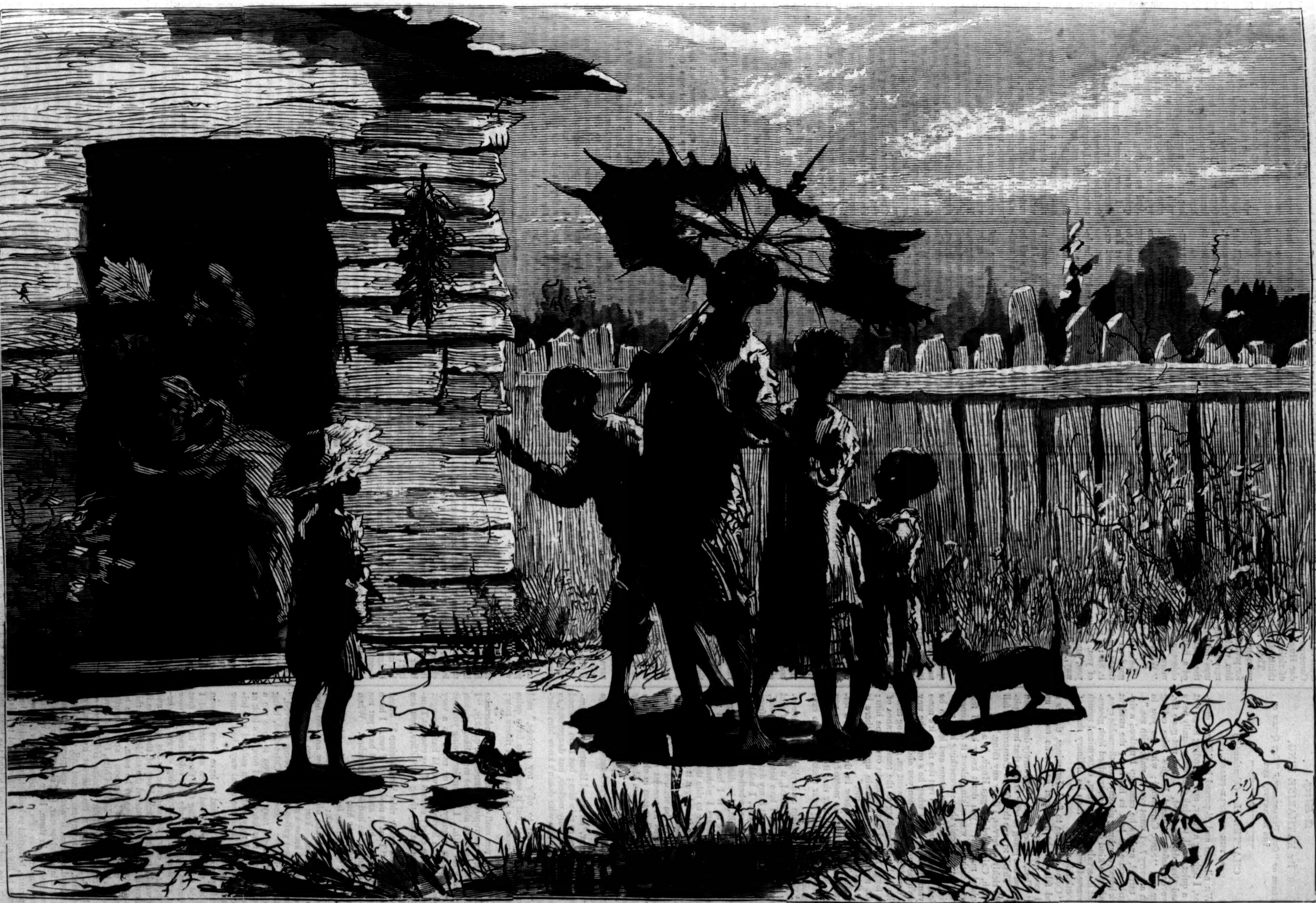
HE TRIES TO STEAL AWAY.



"HI! ABE, COME UNDER DE BRELLAR! DOES YER WANT TO SUNSTRUCK YERSELF? DE FREMONITER'S GONE UP MORE'N A FOOT!"

HUGH MELTON:[*]

A Story.

By KATHARINE KING,

Author of "Our Detachment," "The Queen of the Regiment," etc.

CHAPTER II.—(*Continued.*)

THE STEEPLE-CHASE.

We all rose and dispersed in different directions, I lighting a cigar, and intending to go out for a quiet stroll, to think over some family news I had that day received. I had not gone far, however, before I heard Hugh's voice calling after me, "Stop, Cairnsford; why are you in such a hurry? I want you to walk with me."

I turned, and as he came up I noticed a singularly white-set look in his face; the straight dark brows overhung gloomy, unfathomable eyes, in which a kind of restless, troubled look gleamed at intervals, and the firm, determined mouth expressed even more than its ordinary share of indomitable will.

"Come with me to find Hemmings, there's a good fellow, Charlie," said he, as he came up and took my arm.

"What," I exclaimed, "you surely don't mean that you are going to offer to ride that brute Spitfire! That's to save that fellow Cameron the fall he so richly deserves, I'll lay any thing."

"Oh, Cairnsford," began Hugh, in a hurried, troubled manner, "you don't know how I felt when Southman was talking about it at dinner. I was tempted sorely then; something kept whispering to me, 'Leave him alone and let him be killed, since he chooses to run the risk; it's none of your business; and when he's out of the way there'll be nothing between you and Maud.' It was dreadful, Charlie," he went on, growing more white and worn-looking as the remembrance of that fierce mental conflict again overcame him; "but now my mind is made up, and there is only this course open to me."

"But," I argued, "how in this are you following out your favorite motto? How can you make out in any one way that it is your duty to run the risk of having your neck broken to save Captain Cameron's?"

"Why, it is as plain as daylight," he answered. "If Cameron is killed, it brings grief and sorrow on one whom I love better than myself, and whom, therefore, it is my duty to shield from all evil; for, mind you, I hold that we owe a duty to those we love, whether they love us or not. And then, again, if he dies I shall as surely be his murderer as if I had committed the deed, for in my heart I wished for his death; therefore I must offer to ride this horse, and the sooner I have done it and got it over the better."

I saw he was determined, so said nothing more, but walked down to the stables where the much-talked-of steed was at present staying. There we found Captain Cameron in close consultation with Hemmings, with whom Hugh immediately opened the conversation.

"This is a bad business about Templeton, Hemmings. How do you intend to manage about the horse?"

"I hardly know," answered Hemmings. "Cameron here wishes to ride him; but I am inclined to think it is not only useless, but dangerous, to let any one ride him who doesn't know him thoroughly."

"I came down to offer my services," said Hugh, laughing; "but it seems you have quite *l'embarras de richesses* in the way of riders now; so perhaps—"

"Well, if you really feel inclined to undertake riding him," interrupted Hemmings, quickly, "I think you would be about the most likely person I could meet with. I remember seeing you out in the Quorn country once or twice on a very ugly brute of a horse, that would have brought most people to grief; so that if any one but Templeton can make any thing of Spitfire, you are the man."

"Will you really ride him, Melton?" asked Cameron. "That is most kind of you. I have a great deal on him, and it would have put me out dreadfully if he had been scratched. When do you intend to try him?"

"Well, it is rather late now—about half past eight, I should think; still, if you don't mind, Hemmings, I'll take him out now and see how he goes with me. You can come too if you like, Cameron. I know a nice retired spot, where we can get a good gallop without being observed," answered Hugh; "and you, Cairnsford, bring out Jocelyn, for I may want you to give me a lead over the first fence. And now let's look at the animal. I may want him saddled and bridled differently from the usual way when I know what his tricks are."

Hugh's spirits seemed to have risen as soon as his perilous offer had been accepted, and I could not help thinking that though in the first instance duty had made him volunteer, yet now the excitement of approaching danger was beginning to exert its influence on his spirit, and he would not have backed out of the scrape if he could. We now entered the stable where this redoubtable animal was to be seen. There he was in a commodious loose box; and in truth, though knowing what I did of him, I could hardly restrain myself from echoing Hugh's cry of delight. He was a magnificent liver-colored chestnut, with tawny mane and tail, small blood-like head, a broad forehead conspicuously marked by a large white star, full, clear, wild eyes with a wicked roll in them, large wide-open nostrils, and long restless ears. Altogether his face was a picture, beautiful to look at, but promising bad times to his adventurous rider. Add to this a neck fine and light where it joined the head, but swelling into a massive crest and running into a powerful sloping shoulder; broad oval hind-quarters of immense power, a magnificently developed chest, and flat sinewy legs completed the *coup d'œil* of the finest horse I ever saw. No wonder Cameron felt sure of his money on him; no wonder Hugh felt a thrill of delight at the thought of riding such a superb creature, and began to think his sacrifice was no sacrifice at all.

There he stood, looking wonderingly at his unknown visitors, turning now and then, as if for protection, to the stable-man, who stood near him with the clothing, that had just been removed, over his arm. Hugh, after a few minutes' admiring pause, advanced to take him by the headstall; to this Spitfire, though he retreated a little before him at first, offered no great objection, and Hugh proceeded to examine him more closely. After a few seconds he asked, "What bit do you ride him with?"

"A twisted snaffle, Sir," answered the man; "he's an orkerd temper, Sir, and pulls like a good un when he gets his spirit up, though at times his mouth is too fine. This is the way of it, Sir: if you pull him he'll rear up and fall atop of you, as sure as eggs is eggs; but if he pulls you, and you can't manage to stop him some way, he'll take you wherever he chooses to go, and that's most like to be the shortest way home."

"Ah, very likely," answered Hugh; "but I don't intend to let him get his own way. I shall try a plan of my own with him."

He then proceeded to give his own directions for the bridling of this formidable mount.

"Now," he said, when he had finished his instructions, "we'll see how he will work in that tackle."

"Well," said Hemmings, when he had done speaking, "I think you intend to break your neck, Melton; I hardly like to let you ride him in that gear."

"Make yourself easy, my dear fellow," answered Hugh; "I rode one like him before, who had puzzled a good many people. I found my plan perfectly successful with Rough Diamond, the horse you saw me riding in the Quorn country, and I can at least try it on this one, who seems to have a similar temper."

This explanation satisfied Hemmings, and a few minutes after, our horses having appeared and Spitfire being now ready, we mounted and set off along the London road. When we had ridden two or three miles out of camp, Hugh pointed out to me a low hedge to the left-hand side of the road.

"Now," said he, "over with you; we'll go through these fields, leave that farm-house to the right-hand side, and then we come to a splendid range of pasture land, up to the top of the hill yonder. Are you ready?"

I went at the fence, and Jocelyn, a grand old hunter, who, if all the horses in England were balking round him, would not mind them, went over calmly, knowing full well that there were no hounds out any where near, and therefore it was not worth his while to get excited. Once over I turned to watch Hugh, who put Spitfire straight at it, intending to follow. It was no use, however; as he neared it the ill-tempered brute wheeled round short, and on Hugh's trying to turn him at it again, began a violent battle, in which, however, the fighting was all on his side, Hugh remaining perfectly quiescent, it being above all a distinguishing feature of his riding that he never lost his temper, no matter how troublesome his mount might be.

"At it you, Cameron," Melton called out, turning away and leaving room for the other to pass him; "he may be more inclined to follow when you are over."

Cameron did as he was told; but I fear from the sample he gave us of his riding he would have had a poor chance on the chestnut; as it was, he barely kept his seat, and was no sooner over than he asked me to change horses with him, alleging that the one he was on was a new purchase, and not to his taste; he wished me to try it and give an opinion on it. For nearly half an hour the sulky beast of a chestnut kept us waiting; but at last, finding there was no chance of his unseating or tiring out his rider, he took the hedge in splendid style, and all three closing in together we set off for the hill. The next fence he took capitally, going in the middle between our two horses; but the one after I began to think might prove a puzzler, and felt rather anxious when we drew near it. When we were quite close to it, however, Spitfire crept forward a little, and, forgetful of all his former bad temper, took it splendidly; his rider, then keeping him in a quiet canter, continued up the hill.

"Well done!" I exclaimed as I came up. "If he goes as well in the race, he is safe to win. What do you say, Melton?"

"I think he'll go," he answered. "I don't fancy I'll have any trouble if I can make him take the first fence well; in order to do that I must accustom him to obey me; and so I think if you and Cameron would return home I will give him a little schooling about here for an hour or so; by that time I shall be able to tell you where to put your money."

Cameron, greatly pleased at Hugh's wonderful success, readily assented to this proposal, and we rode off together. I did not fancy my companion, though just now he was in one of his pleasant moods, rattling away about his private affairs, telling me for how much he was dipped, and if the state of his affairs reached the ears of his intended bride's father, there was no knowing whether, being very strait-laced in his ideas, he might not take exception at the manner in which some of the debts had been incurred. All this low scheming selfishness was disgusting to listen to, and I could not help wondering how any girl such as Hugh had described Miss Meares to be could care for such a man. I was more and more drawn to the conclusion, the more I thought on the matter, that Hugh was risking his life for a mere fancy of his own, as, not to charge Miss Meares with any thing worse, I was sure she would not feel any deep grief at hearing of her *futur's* death, if indeed he had succeeded in killing himself in the race, which I permitted myself to doubt, for the reason that "he that's born to be," etc.—you know the rest, and will, I am sure, agree with me when you have a closer acquaintance with the individual in question.

At ten o'clock Hugh came in; it was still that soft perfumed twilight of the height of summer, and there was light enough for me to see his face, on looking at which I was not surprised to find he was fearfully tired.

"Well," he said, throwing himself into an arm-chair, "I had a dreadful scene after you left; but I fancy I have conquered him at last. If I had staid there all night I should have done so before I would let him go home without doing what I wanted; he wished to follow you back to camp. Give me a glass of beer, Charlie; I'm too done up to speak till I have restored exhausted nature."

I gave him what he asked for, and then he described to me the terrible battle, where the fighting was all on one side, through which he had passed, ending by saying,

"And now, Charlie, if you have any money to spare, put it all on him; for I think when I have given him one or two more lessons I shall be able to make him do as I like, and there is nothing that can beat him in Aldershot."

The day of the steeple-chase at last came, and I, being one of the stewards, went over early, and round the course to see that every thing was as it should be. We had put up some very good jumps: one good wet ditch; a stone wall that, though nothing to an Irishman, I fancy many in camp would not have liked to negotiate; one or two fences of the kind they call double ditches in the sister isle; and some flights of stout ox palings. Altogether it was a course demanding pluck and good riding, though I saw nothing that a good horse, properly handled, could not get over safely; indeed, the committee had expressly desired that nothing of a break-neck character should be attempted. Hugh looked very well in green and silver, and doubtless many an admiring glance was cast at him by the fair denizens of the grand stand; but he never seemed to look that way, or to notice the pretty faces and brilliant toilets which it displayed. Not so Gerald Courtown, the rider of Jack Masterman; that dandy ensign in his scarlet jacket formed a conspicuous object among the throng, and might be seen improving the few minutes left before mounting in flitting from one bevy of beauties to the other, receiving with evident delight an immense amount of chaff and complimentary badinage. Then there was Powell, in black and orange, rider of The O'Donoghue, a horse that might with good riding become an awkward opponent for either of the favorites, though for some reason or other the public had not fancied him. Good riding he was sure to get at the hands of Powell of the 2d, who was heart and soul wrapped up in horseflesh, and who made it his boast he had never yet "met the woman he would care to look round at." He now stood moodily watching the horses as they were led up and down clothed from head to foot, waiting for the saddling bell to ring. Now and then he would begin an excited eulogy of his mount, The O'Donoghue, to any of his acquaintances who were unwary enough to venture near him; but we who knew him well avoided him at such times, as he was impossible to get rid of when once off on his favorite topic. Then there was Beresford of the Blues, leaning against the dash-board of a pony phaeton, in which sat Lady Blanche de Vaux, for whom it was whispered Beresford entertained more than a mere passing admiration.

It had been settled that the horses should take a preliminary canter before the grand stand, in order that the fair spectators there assembled might have a good opportunity of inspecting the different horses and choosing those whom they might wish to back, which last was decided by the rider on its back more than by the merits of the animal itself, I fancy. At length the saddling bell rang. Beresford tore himself away from his lady-love; Gerald Courtown, with a laugh and a nod distributed generally to the assembled beauty of the stand, turned toward the paddock; Powell's gloomy face lighted up for the first time, and the usual wild gleam came into his eye; while Melton linked his arm in mine and drew me away with him toward the horses.

Spitfire was looking splendid, there was no doubt about that; and I hardly wondered at Hugh's saying, in a heart-felt tone of admiration,

"Isn't he a picture? Isn't he perfect, Charlie? Did you ever see so magnificent an animal before?"

Nevertheless, the beauty thus apostrophized did not look amiable, though to my surprise, on Hugh's approaching him and petting him, he became considerably more quiet, and allowed the saddling process to proceed without any very violent effort to prevent it. At last all was ready; the second bell rang; the riders sprang into their seats, and set off in a quiet canter up the gentle hill past the stand. I rode quietly up a little distance behind them, watching Hugh with admiring eyes; his perfect easy seat, his lithe active figure, that moved in unison with the motion of his horse, his hand well down, restraining with light but firm touch the impetuosity of the powerful steed he rode; altogether he formed a picture of a perfect horseman, and, to my mind, out of the twelve men cantering at that moment up the green together, there was not one to be compared to him as regarded the perfection of his riding. Just as they passed the stand I saw Hugh glance quickly toward it and bow. I was surprised, as I did not know he had any lady friends near Aldershot, and I was on the point of riding up to try and find out who she was, when Templeton, the young fellow who was to have ridden Spitfire if he had not sprained his wrist at such an inconvenient time, strolled up to me in his usual languid way, holding out his uninjured hand as though it cost him a powerful effort to make such an exertion.

"Morning, Cairnsford. I say Spitfire will win; don't you think so? Splendid fellow that Melton! Always knew he could ride if he chose, though he never would take the loan of a horse from me. He's got a hand that will keep that beast's temper cool, if any one can. I watched him passing up now; not an ounce weight resting on his mouth, though the brute was mad with impatience. That's the way to ride; he'll give those fellows a lesson, I'm thinking. Good-by; see you again at luncheon, I suppose?" And so saying, the dandy horseman strolled quietly away.

I now moved up near the starting-post and watched the arrangements with anxious eyes; a few false starts would so completely rouse Spitfire's temper that I doubted if even Hugh would then succeed in getting any thing out of him. The flag at length fell, and the twelve horses bounded away together; a beautiful sight they were, the riders with their gay-colored jackets, the horses with their beautifully shaped bodies glistening under the brilliant July sun, as though clothed in satin, springing over the elastic turf in rapid, regular bounds, tossing their delicate heads, and straining on the bit in impatience to be free. I was surprised to see at the first few bounds that Hugh kept behind all the rest, going quietly. I imagined he must be doing it with a view to getting a lead over the first fence, but still I could not help thinking it an error in judgment to allow the whole field in front of him, as among so many there might be one who would set the example of balking, and then it would be all up with Spitfire. Scarcely had I begun to think thus, however, and before they neared the fence, the chestnut darted to the front, and increasing his speed at every stride, went galloping at the stout paling in front. "He must be mad," I thought, alluding to Hugh; "he should never take that horse at a fence without a lead;" and mentally cursing his stupidity, I watched anxiously for the result. To my surprise, however, just as he neared the fence, the horse slackened his racing speed into a quick steady gallop, then rose like a bird at the post and rails, and the next instant was sailing along evidently held well in hand, to allow of the others coming up. Gerald Courtown and Jack Masterman popped over next, followed by Powell on the Irish horse The O'Donoghue; but Beresford, sad to relate, cannoned against Sims of the 28th, and came to ignominious grief before Lady Blanche's eyes. He picked himself up, however, but his horse had picked itself up first, and was now galloping wildly over the course, for some time resisting all attempts to catch it; so that when at last it was secured the race was virtually over, and quite crest-fallen his gay rider returned to the stand, where, however, he found Lady Blanche very ready to heap any amount of opprobrious epithets on poor Sims's devoted head, and condole with him to his heart's content. In the mean time the riders held on their course; one by one the outsiders fell off, all but one, Solace of "ours," a small slight fellow riding a lithe active Irish mare that seemed inclined to give the favorites some trouble. She sprang over the ground like a deer, switching her rat-tail and flourishing her hind-quarters in a way that told as plainly as words that she was yet going at her ease, and thought nothing of what was before her. A very pretty sight it was, too, to see her at a fence, not striding over it like our horses, but going up all together, something like a hare, and, like that animal also, sometimes giving a half turn while in the air, and landing almost sideways to the fence she had jumped.

"That one will give them some trouble," said Templeton, who was again beside me, and who was now a little excited, for him. "See, The O'Donoghue and Firefly are side by side; watch them going at that wall; they jump so differently from the rest. Pretty, isn't it?" he added, as they went over together. Spitfire was still in the front, and Templeton's eye falling on him, he nodded approvingly. "That's a clever fellow, that Melton. How well he took the measure of that animal's temper! I'd hardly have dared myself to take him first at that first fence, and yet I see now it was the right thing to do; he's a queer, nervous, irritable temper, that gets flurried and excited when he sees the others going before him. I say, look there—Firefly is creeping up to the favorite. I didn't believe Solace when he talked so eternally of his mare Firefly, and all she could do. I'm beginning to think more of her now. What a stayer she must be! She looks as fresh as a daisy, and goes along whisking her wicked-looking tail as though it was all play to her. Melton will have some trouble with her, I think."

As Templeton finished speaking the outsider and the favorite had closed up, and were now running neck and neck; the next fence would be the last, and then there were about six hundred yards of racing ground before reaching the winning-post.

Solace's riding was greatly inferior to Melton's; there was a want of hand and too great a desire to interfere with his horse's performances that put the little Irish mare at a disadvantage; still, to the intense astonishment of every one, she not only held her ground, but actually appeared to gain slightly on the show horse of the regiment, and indeed one might say of the army—the one of whom it had been said that it would be impossible to beat him if only he did not lose his temper. And he had not lost it; on the contrary, he was going splendidly, literally flying over the ground with his glorious, stretching stride, yet never able to shake off for an instant the wiry, lean form that with springing, bounding action kept pace with him.

Every one in that great crowd held his breath as they reached the last fence; the pace was fearful, and the keenest judge could not have guessed which would win.

Suddenly, as they approached at a breathless pace the fence before them, a woman's long white cloak fluttered out on the breeze from the other side of the hedge; Firefly, held negligently by her inexperienced rider, swerved wildly, while Spitfire, kept straight with a firm yet gentle hand, flew to the front, clearing the leap in splendid style, and then laying himself down, advanced with lightning speed to the winning-post. It was but a moment that Firefly swerved from the track, but in that moment Spitfire gained the opposite side; close on his heels, however, the gallant mare, set right by her excited rider, bounded over with the spring and elasticity of a roebuck, and then stretching herself for the first time, and letting for the first time her marvelous speed be seen, she flew rather than galloped after her opponent. Very small was the advantage Spitfire had gained, and with the first two bounds she reached his girths; then for the first time Melton called on his noble steed, that responded gamely with every muscle exerted to the utmost. Breathless the crowd looked on, as the brown mare's head crept up to his shoulder. Was it possible? Could he hold his own to the winning-post? Two springs more would do it; but already the dark head stretched beside the chestnut's foaming neck. Another bound, another—and they shot past the winning-post, Melton the winner, by about half a head, of perhaps the closest race ever run in "ours," and certainly one that astonished the judges more than any thing that had been seen for a long time at Aldershot.

The excitement was intense. So close was the race that some fancied one the winner, some the other; and it was not until the judge had formally proclaimed Spitfire's success that some even of his backers could be induced to believe in it. After a congratulatory shake of the hand to Melton, the winner was almost wholly disregarded, while every one crowded round the little brown mare that had come in such a splendid second, and that every one knew well could have won so easily if it had been ridden as the favorite had been.

"Why, Solace," said Templeton, in a rather more excited tone than his usual languid drawl, "where in the world did you pick up that animal, and how did you keep her so dark? She's a regular flyer, and no mistake; but for that shy the race was yours easily, and if you had held her well in hand you would not have lost it by that."

"I know," answered Solace, laughing good-humoredly. "I don't pretend to be a first-rate horseman like Melton; still, you know, I told you all I had got a mare that would beat the favorite even with my bad riding; and so she would if it hadn't been for a fluke. I bought her in the west of Ireland; saw her there and liked her when I was over fishing a few months ago, and have been trying to ride her ever since. She's a rough one and no mistake to ride when she's fresh."

Courtown and Powell had come in close together third and fourth; all the others were nowhere, and now came straggling in one by one, greatly disgusted no doubt at their position, and as much astonished as any one else at the unforeseen termination of the race.

While we were all looking at Firefly, and talking over her splendid success, Melton stole off; and when I again came toward the grand stand, I was astonished to see him standing beside a lady, to whom he was talking with no little earnestness and animation. A glance at her face, however, enlightened me; it was the original of the portrait I had admired so much a few days ago—no less a person than Miss Meares, the great heiress, and the promised bride of Cameron, who also stood near, looking with nonchalant, unconcerned eyes on his betrothed and her companion. I looked at her somewhat critically as I approached, and must own that I was not disappointed; she was even prettier than his sketch, and though she talked with an easy, unconstrained manner and a pleasant flow of conversation, yet there seemed a mournful depth in her long violet eyes, as she lifted them now and then to his, that betrayed perhaps more than she would have liked to be observed. As to him, he seemed to forget for the time the barrier that existed between them; the excitement of the ride had flushed his cheek, and the exhilaration of triumph lent a lustre to his eye that made him look handsomer than I had ever seen him look before; while the same causes chased away all sad remembrances, and gave him courage and inclination to rattle on in a continuous stream of merry chat and laughter, as happy and light-hearted as though no pleading words and passionate prayers had ever passed his lips to her. I could not help thinking what a contrast he must present to her eye with the face, figure, attitude, manner, the *tout ensemble*, of her future husband, as they stood there side by side, eying each other now and then with instinctive distrust and dislike.

Cameron was in his gayest humor; he was standing beside the acknowledged belle of the day, who was, besides, one of the richest heiresses in England, for whose smile men were willing to go through any amount of danger, and to stand beside whom with the right that Cameron possessed would have made more than one heart there present throb with a rapture beside which all other joys would be cold and lifeless. More than all this, he had won largely; his creditors would be quieted, at least for the time, as I don't believe that gentleman ever had the least intention of liquidating his debts in full; however, he would pay as much as would render him safe, and that was all he wanted.

We were having a large luncheon party that day, and on entering the room with some lady friends, I found Mr. and Miss Meares were also among the number of the guests. They sat opposite me, so that I had a very good opportunity for observing the young lady; and the more I saw of her the more I liked her. I felt, indeed, as though the peculiar charm of manner Melton had spoken of was exercising its influence over me, and I am sure my lady friends must have found me rather more preoccupied than was pleasant or flattering. Hugh sat on one side of her, and I heard him say, in the careless manner under which he sometimes hid deep feeling, "Do you remember some very good advice you gave me the last time I saw you, Miss Meares?"

The color flushed a little over that clear, pale face of hers as she answered, "I don't remember ever giving you any good advice; but if I did, I hope it has been profitable to you."

"Yes, it was just about that I wanted to tell you," he replied. "I have ever since tried to act up to it, and though in some things I think that 'le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle,' still in others it pays; for instance, you would be surprised to see how I have improved in my art. Don't you remember telling me I ought to have a fixed object in life? Well, I have chosen painting for my object, and have followed it up closely ever since. I thought you would be pleased to hear what your good advice has done for me; I hope your own practice of it has been equally successful."

Again I saw the tears rise slowly in the depths of her lovely violet eyes as she turned away pained and annoyed at his frivolous and impertinent tone; his gaze, which followed her every motion, saw it too, and in an instant penitence followed his cruel speech. He leaned toward her and said, hurriedly and brokenly, in so low a voice that none but I overheard him, "Forgive me; I don't know what I say or do. The sight of you has brought back hopes and longings I had thought long dead in me. I would never have come near you had I thought I should have been betrayed into saying any thing that could have caused you a moment's pain. My heart is sore, and I have passed to-day through the bitterest trial life can bring me; but do not fear, I will distress you no more."

She heard him, and gave him one timid, hurried, upward glance that spoke pardon, and I almost thought love, in its lingering tenderness; then turned away and busied herself with what was before her.

Hugh, after this, spoke no more to her; but I could see his gaze lingering on her every now and then, when he thought she was engaged with Captain Cameron, who sat on the other side of her father, with a look that revealed too plainly to my anxious eyes how utterly every hope and affection of his noble and still young life, with all its abundant promise of daring deeds and painstaking triumphs of art, was bound up in this young heiress, with her sweet pure beauty, her clever radiant smile, her love-lit tender eyes, her halo of golden hair, and all the dainty adornments of modern fashion helping, in their careful, tasteful arrangement, to heighten and enhance a beauty already too dangerous without their assistance. The lady on the other side of him was fully occupied talking to her next neighbor, so that he had nothing to call away his attention from Miss Meares; and I, who knew his mind, could read so clearly the torture he was undergoing, as he watched Cameron's attentions with wild, vindictive eyes, that I almost feared those around me must see it too. But no; they were all too busy with their own affairs, and I forced myself to amuse my friends also, for fear they might perceive to whom my attention was straying. The longest day must have an end, and this one also at last wound slowly to its close. Our fair guests departed to adorn themselves for the ball we gave that night to celebrate the favorite's victory; and I went off to my room, dragging Hugh with me, much against his will, he, poor fellow, no doubt wanting to go and brood in solitude over his hard fate, and perhaps deplore the softness that had led him to play into Cameron's hands in the matter of riding the horse. However, I would not take any refusal from him, and once safely inside my room I pushed him into a comfortable chair and left him for a few minutes in peace to collect himself and get over the exciting events of the day. After a few minutes I looked up from some writing I was busy with, and glancing at him, saw his brow contracted by a dark frown, and the whole expression of his face so painfully sad that I determined to try if I could console him. I therefore went quietly up to him, and laying my hand on his shoulder, said,

"Dear Hugh, what is the matter? Can I help you in any way?"

He started, and for a moment an impatient look crossed his face; but it faded away, and with his smile sweet as ever, but unspeakably sad, he answered,

"No, Cairnsford. What troubles me now is a thing that none can lighten or take away, and yet that causes more heart-burnings and miseries than any thing on this wide earth—I mean the anguish of unavailing regret, of bitter remorse. I saw you looking at me to-day at luncheon, Charlie; and no wonder; you must truly have been ashamed of your friend, when any distress, even such as I had to bear, could have made me utter a covert taunt to one so good and true as she. When I saw the pained, startled look in her sweet face, and the unshed tears glistening in her gentle eyes, then I knew that I had been a brute, and felt that I should never forgive myself; but the words had been spoken, words such as I should have uttered to no woman, least of all to her, who has acted all through this matter, not for her own happiness, but for that of her parents; and no apology, no repentance, can efface from my mind the painful surprise that looked out of her startled eyes as she turned them on me, with the mute inquiry, 'And you too, you whom I trusted, and thought would have known me better?'"

Anxious to turn his thoughts from such a painful subject, I interrupted him, saying, "At any rate, Hugh, I am convinced that if you had allowed Cameron to imperil his neck by riding that horse, she would, to say the least, not have blamed you for any accident that might have happened. I fancy the gallant captain is hardly appreciated in that quarter."

"You are mistaken, Charlie; indeed you are," he replied, earnestly. "Miss Meares is not a girl to go before God with a lie on her lips; she will try to love him, if she has not already succeeded in doing so, in order that she may fulfill the conditions of the will, and thereby provide her parents with a happy home in their old age. But if she does not love him, she will never marry him; I know her well enough to be sure that, *coûte que coûte*, she will abide by the right."

I saw it was useless to say more on the subject, and so drew him gradually off by a series of well-contrived questions about the race, the merits of the horses, the style of the riders, the size of the leaps, etc., though all the while I could not help wondering how it was that such a clever fellow as Hugh could have succumbed so entirely to that charming and dangerous beauty. Yet, after all, there was more reason in his infatuation than there is in most men's; it was not alone the beauty of face, form, and color, or the charm of a sweet manner and a silvery musical voice, that had enslaved him; it was something far higher and rarer than these—the spell of a noble intellect, a fervid imagination, the attraction of a kindred soul in art, a mind that could enter into and sympathize with the slightest shades and inflections of feeling in his; while above all and over all was shed the clear, unwavering light of lofty principles and unswerving loyalty to them. It was not so hard to understand after all, looking at it in this light, and I heartily wished Hugh had never seen her, rather than that he should have been allured into a passion which, taking his nature and her character into consideration, I had every reason to believe he would never conquer. However, for the time being I contrived to divert him from his troubles, but was not surprised when he announced his intention of not going to the ball that evening. I thought he was right, as seeing her again would only pain him afresh; so bidding him good-night, I hurried off to the ball-room, where, as one of the committee, I was obliged to put in an early appearance.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

JULY.

Sunday,	18.—Eighth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	25.—St. James; Ninth Sunday after Trinity.

AUGUST.

Sunday,	1.—Tenth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	8.—Eleventh Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	15.—Twelfth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	22.—Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Tuesday,	24.—St. Bartholomew.
Sunday,	29.—Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity.

WHEN the Rev. W. H. FREEMANTLE, the rector of St. Mary's, Bryanston Square, London, accepted an invitation to preach in the City Temple, of which the Non-conformist Dr. PARKER is pastor, and was forbidden by his bishop to carry out this arrangement, it was understood that opinions of eminent counsel on the legal aspects of the case would be had. Mr. BENJAMIN SHAW was selected by the Bishop of London, and Sir FITZJAMES STEPHEN by Mr. FREEMANTLE, and the two lawyers have been requested to consult together. The questions submitted were substantially these: 1. Is it unlawful, by statute or otherwise, for a clergyman of the Church of England to preach in a Non-conformist place of worship? 2. Or in any place where Non-conformists meet? 3. If it is unlawful, where is the line to be drawn? 4. Does the illegality, if it exists, extend to the Wesleyans, or to churches outside of England?

The opinion of Sir FITZJAMES STEPHEN is very explicit, and is to this effect: That the Church of England was established by law for the purpose of securing uniformity of belief and worship; that the Toleration Act of 1688 and others following were passed to relieve Dissenters, but do not affect at all "the ecclesiastical duties of clergymen of the Church of England." Their legal position is, therefore, determined by the Act of Uniformity. It is, in the opinion of Mr. STEPHEN, an ecclesiastical offense for a clergyman of the Church of England to officiate in a Non-conformist place of worship, or in any other place where Non-conformists meet. The law, being local, does not apply to churches outside of England, unless by his participation in the worship of such churches the Anglican clergyman should give countenance to heresy.

A public meeting immediately followed the announcement of these opinions. Mr. S. MORLEY, M.P., presided, and offered to hold any clergyman harmless as to pecuniary loss who should try the issue. Addresses were delivered by Mr. FREEMANTLE and Dr. PARKER. Dean STANLEY moved a resolution that restrictions on the interchange of pulpits are injurious to Christian fellowship, which was carried unanimously.

Certain tax-payers of the city of Baltimore have obtained a preliminary injunction restraining the Mayor and City Council from paying appropriations made to sectarian institutions. The ground taken is that such payments exceed the powers granted in the city charter. Whatever the decision in the lower court, the case will be carried to the Court of Appeals.

The Diocesan Synod of the Church of England, which met in Montreal June 22, did one notable act. It adopted a resolution almost unanimously declaring that the Synod had learned with pleasure of the consummation of the union of the Presbyterian Churches of Canada. The Metropolitan was requested to convey to the united Church the congratulations of the Synod. The Presbyterian General Assembly being at the time in session in the same city, this courteous message was delivered the next morning, June 23, and received with loud cheers.

Camberwell-Green Hall is the place chosen by Messrs. MOODY and SANKEY in the south of London for their labors. At the first meeting Mr. SPURGEON delivered an earnest address. He said that he believed the American evangelists were gaining a hearing in the metropolis such as no local minister could obtain.

The *Tablet* of New York puts its opinion of Protestantism into the following passage:

> "All this [*i. e.*, the sacrifice of the mass] is thrown aside by that hell-born 'ism' whose only dogma is a protest, and whose only worship is to listen to a fellow-creature talk. Throughout all its Protean forms its only worship consists of sermons, as they call them, and that only once in seven days, sparsely garnished with irreverent addresses to the Deity and religious songs, much as a leg of mutton is by a skilled cook, with carrots and turnips carved into fantastic shapes, with a frill of curled paper on the extremity of the bone by way of a benediction. The testimony of all the ages is rudely stuffed down the throat of time by a miserable parody of the Christian religion, which made its noxious appearance in the middle of the second thousand years of the Church," etc., etc.

It is sometimes said that Romanism becomes liberalized by its contact with American institutions. That may be so, but the liberalizing influence has hardly yet reached the New York *Tablet*.

The Unitarians of Belfast have passed a resolution congratulating the Irish Church on the suppression of the damnatory clauses of the Athanasian Creed.

An illustration of the efficacy of religious conventions in the promotion of peace is given in the fact that during the recent Brighton Conference the German army chaplains who were present took off their official badges, that they might give no offense to their French brethren. One French pastor testified that he had never been able, before attending at Brighton, to get rid of his bitterness against all Germans. During the Conference as many as 300 meetings were held.

The General Assembly of the Irish Presbyterian Church met in Belfast the first week in June. Delegates were appointed to the Presbyterian Alliance, which assembles in London July 24. The total amount of contributions to the Sustentation Fund for the year was £25,660, a decrease of £422 from the year preceding. A day was spent in debating the question of the use of unfermented wine in the Lord's Supper; the decision of the Assembly was against such use.

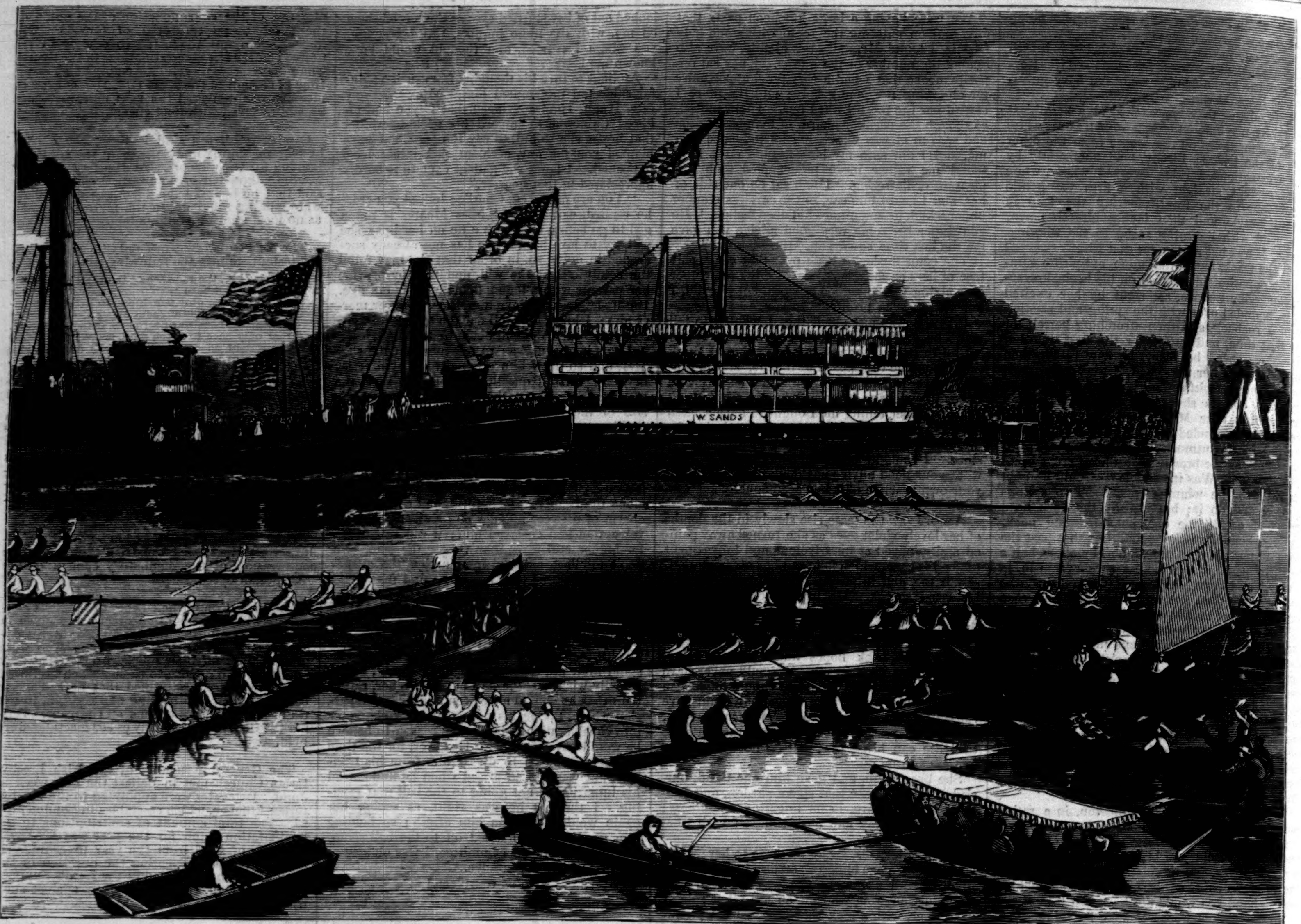
The clergymen of the Irish (Disestablished) Church who a few weeks ago threatened schism have thought better of it. They have been reminded that the action of the Synod is not irreversible, and that it will be wiser for them to adopt a less extreme measure than secession.

The flow of Jesuits into England led recently to an interrogation of the ministry by Mr. WHALLEY (known as the friend of the TICHBORNE claimant), to which Mr. DISRAELI replied that their presence in the country was, under the act of GEORGE IV. known as the Emancipation Act, a misdemeanor, but he added: "During the period which has elapsed since the passing of that act, now nearly half a century, the government of this country has, I believe, in no instance proceeded against any Jesuit for committing a misdemeanor under its provisions, and so far as her Majesty's present advisers are influenced by the circumstances with which they are acquainted, the same policy will continue to prevail. At the same time I beg it to be understood that the provisions of the act are not looked upon by the government as being obsolete, but, on the contrary, as reserving powers of law of which they will be prepared to avail themselves if necessary." (Cheers.)

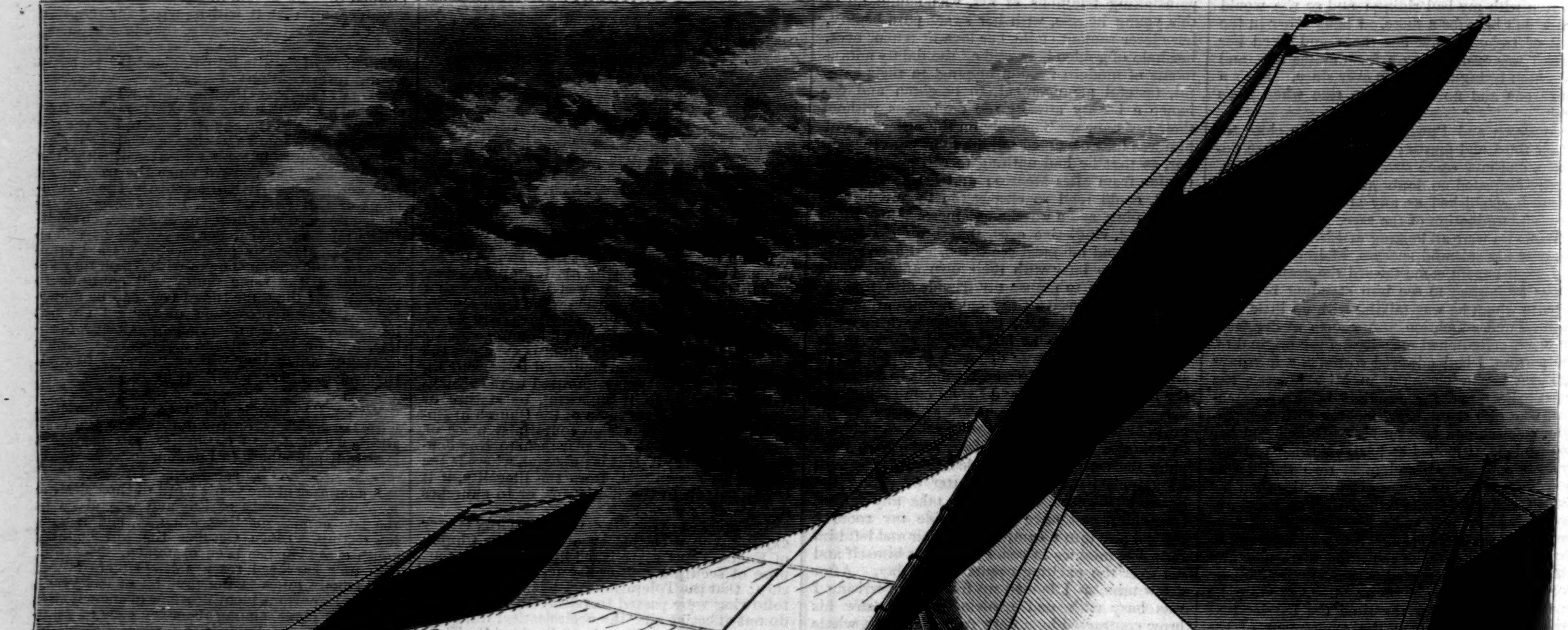
Father GAVAZZI is about to enter the lists with Dr. NEWMAN on the question of the civil allegiance of Roman Catholics. His pamphlet is already announced in London.

A summary of the year's work of the Palestine Exploration Society of England was given at the late annual meeting, June 10, and is very interesting. Since October the hill country south of Judah has been examined. The total area now surveyed reaches 4430 square miles; 1500 square miles is the product of last year's work. Important identifications of ancient sites have been made, among them the cave of Adullam, the city of Debir, the ford of Bethabara, etc. It is expected that the new map of Palestine proper will be brought to England in 1876, and published the following year.

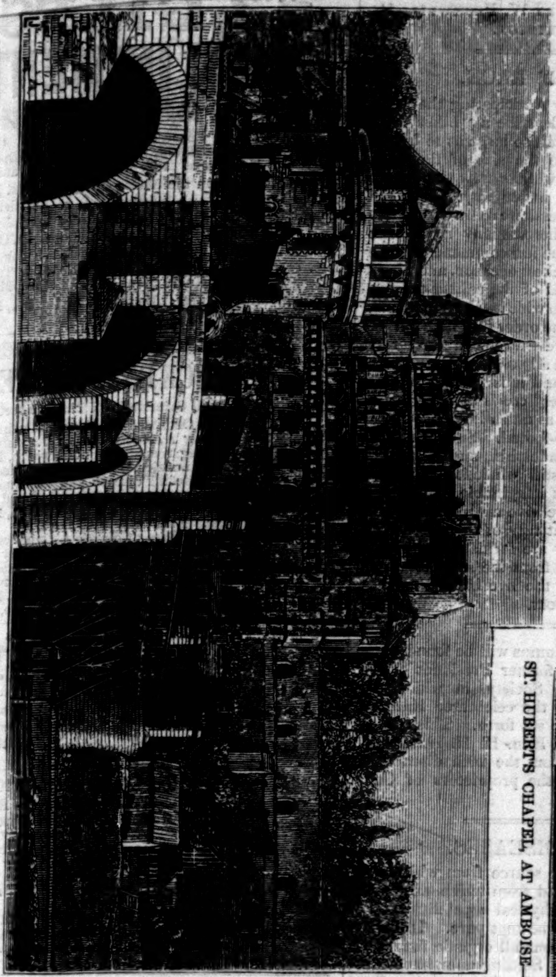
The Sad Experience of a Clergyman is told by the Rev. H. J. DIXON in a pamphlet which makes a stir in England. Mr. DIXON is an Etonian and a graduate of Oxford. When he entered the Church he had no friend among the large land-owners, was not related to a bishop, or entitled to a college living, nor would his relatives purchase preferment for him. He had to take a curate's stipend of £100 a year. In one of his curacies the living was sequestrated, and he was left to struggle as he could on £80 annually. In 1872, after thirty years of hard service, he was promoted—to a living worth £120. Out of this he had to pay the first year £78 in fees to the Lord Chancellor and others. Thinking to get some help, he applied to the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Exeter for an appropriation from the funds of the Ecclesiastical Commission or from Queen Anne's Bounty. For an answer he was informed that his benefice was about to be sequestrated on account of some arrears. This was too much for Mr. DIXON, and he appeals to the English people. With no little pungency he says, "I have not received any thing like the stipends usually paid to the bishops' butlers and footmen." If the living of Yarscombe is sequestrated, he thinks it may be styled "a sequestrated blank." The pamphlet is widely quoted by the English papers.



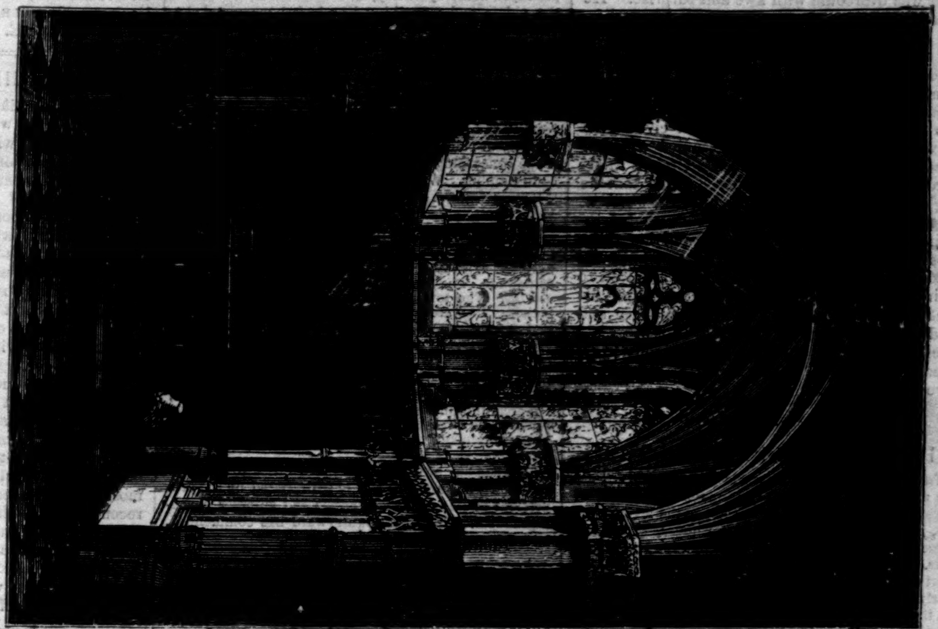
BOAT RACE ON THE HARLEM RIVER.—DRAWN BY J. DAVIDSON.—[SEE PAGE 586.]



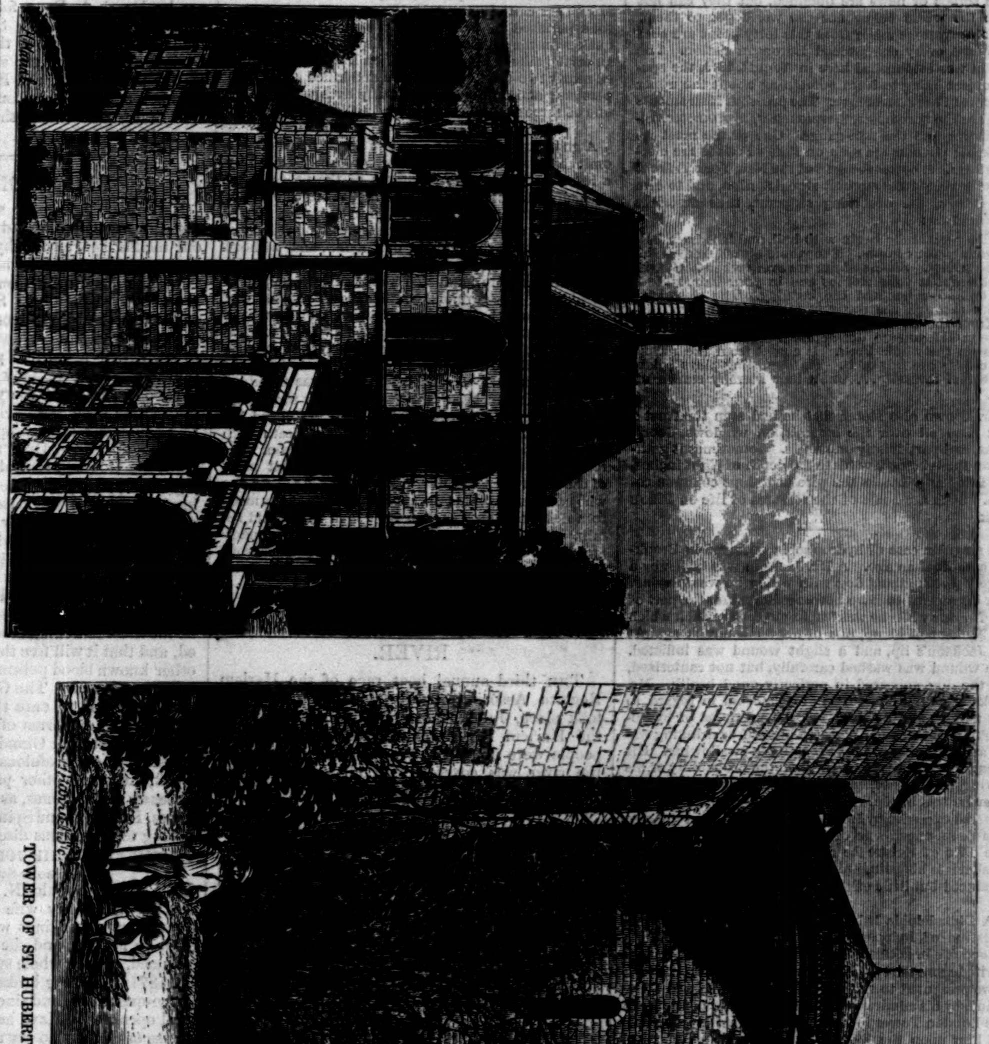
A "HIKER" RACE ON THE DELAWARE RIVER.—DRAWN BY SCHELL AND HOGAN.—[SEE PAGE 586.]



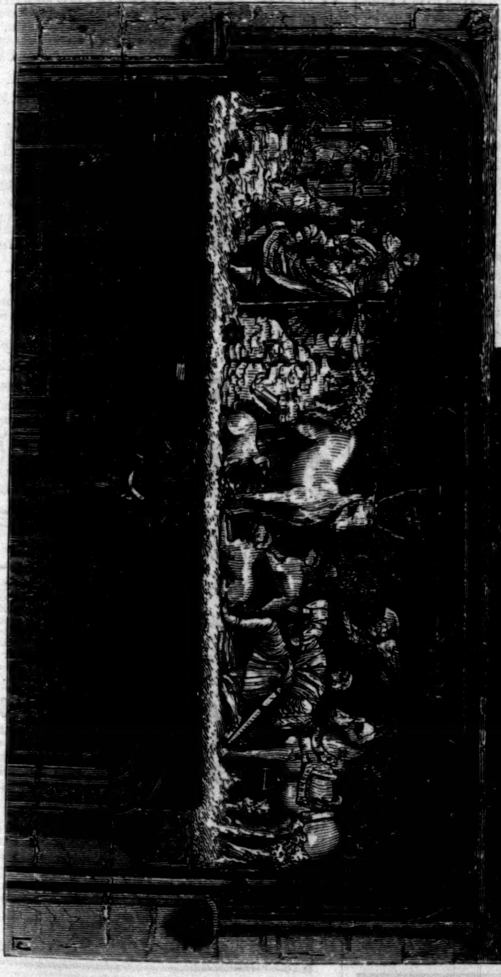
NORTHERN VIEW OF THE CASTLE OF AMBOISE ACROSS THE LOIRE, WITH ONE OF THE LARGE TOWERS OF ST. HUBERT'S CHAPEL ON THE LEFT.



HIGH ALTAR OF ST. HUBERT'S CHAPEL.



ST. HUBERT'S CHAPEL, AT AMBOISE—EXTERIOR, WITH VIEW OF THE LOIRE.



FRONTAL PIECE OF CHAPEL, WITH ST. HUBERT'S APPARITION.

TOWER OF ST. HUBERT'S CHAPEL.

ST. HUBERT'S CHAPEL.

The accompanying series of illustrations gives fine views of the beautiful Chapel of St. Hubert, at Amboise, one of the most exquisite specimens of mediæval art in France, which is now under the process of restoration.

The town of Amboise is an insignificant burg of about 5000 inhabitants, pleasantly situated on the river Loire, in the ancient province of Touraine, now the Department of the Indre-et-Loire, in the heart of one of the most interesting historical regions of France. Within a circuit of a few miles are Tours, the birth-place of St. Martin and the favorite residence of Louis XI.; the fairy-like Château of Chenonceaux, built by François I., and bestowed by his son, Henri II., on Diana of Poitiers; the Château of Chaumont, the birth-place of Cardinal D'Amboise, the Prime Minister of Louis XII., and the residence of Catherine de Medicis; the Château de Valençay, where Talleyrand lived and died; the Castle of Chambord, built by François I., and now the property of the last Bourbon heir to the throne of France; and the Castle of Blois, around which cluster so many important reminiscences of the dark and bloody days of the Valois and Medicis.

Amboise itself is noted as having been the place where the religious troubles of the sixteenth century first broke out by the celebrated Protestant conspiracy against the Guises, on the discovery of which 1200 Huguenots were hung in chains around the castle; and it was on this occasion that the term Huguenot was first applied to the followers of Calvin. Its principal buildings are its ancient castle, commenced by Charles VIII. (who was born and died at Amboise) and finished by François I., and St. Hubert's Chapel. The middle illustration shows the picturesque exterior of the chapel, with the river Loire in the distance. At the left of this is a view of the magnificent high altar, with its groined arches and stained-glass windows. Under a marble slab on the left-hand side of the transept are interred the presumed remains of the great artist Leonardo da Vinci, who died at Fontainebleau, and is supposed to have been buried here. The illustration in the right-hand corner shows one of the two large round towers of the chapel, which is spacious enough to give access to men on horseback, and even to light carts.

Below the sketch of the high altar we see first the old Castle of St. Amboise across the Loire (which is crossed by a stone bridge), with one of the large round towers on the left, now under process of restoration. This castle is situated on a craggy and almost perpendicular rock, and is well-nigh inaccessible. François II. was conveyed thither by the Duke of Guise, as to a place of absolute security, during the religious wars which threatened the safety of the youthful king. It also served as the prison-house of Abd-el-Kader in the days of Louis Philippe.

The last picture of the group gives the frontal piece of the chapel, with the apparition of St. Hubert, its patron. As all of our readers may not know this curious legend, we quote Mr. Clement's graphic version of it for their enlightenment:

"St. Hubert of Liege was a very gay nobleman. He was of Aquitaine, and lived at the court of Pepin d'Heristal. He participated in all the pleasures of the court, but was especially fond of the chase, and even hunted on the days appointed by the Church for fasting and prayer. As he hunted in the forest of Ardennes one day in Holy-week there came to him a milk-white stag with a crucifix between his horns. Hu-

BERT was overcome with awe and surprise. He became sensible of the wickedness of his life, and lived a hermit in the very forest where he had so often sought his amusement. There were bands of robbers and large numbers of idolaters in and around the forest of Ardennes, and to them St. Hubert preached Christianity, and also introduced social reforms and civilization among them. At length he studied with St. Lambert, and became a priest. He was afterward Bishop of Liege. He requested that he might be buried in the Church of St. Peter at Liege. Thirteen years after his death his remains were found to be perfect and his robes unstained. The Benedictines of Ardennes desired to have his body, and it was removed to their abbey church about a century after his death. St. Hubert is patron of the chase and of dogs, and chapels are erected to him in the forests, where the devout huntsman may pray. Bread consecrated at his shrine is believed to cure hydrophobia."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The highest point in the world where arrangements are made for scientific observations is the summit of Pike's Peak. There, 14,366 feet above the level of the sea, is a rudely constructed stone house, where live three men, the observing sergeant and his two assistants. During seven months of the year these men are shut off from all intercourse with other human beings. Early in November they house themselves, and live on the provisions they have stored up and the meats they have buried in the snow. When the atmosphere is in a proper condition for the telegraph to work, some scraps of news are obtained, but they can not reach the world below nor the world get to them. The observations made from this lofty point are sent to almost every enlightened European nation. The station was established here in August, 1873, the special object being to learn something about the upper currents of the atmosphere. The principal instruments used are the barometer, thermometer, hygrometer, anemometer, and the rain-gauge. One of the most remarkable phenomena seen on Pike's Peak is the electric storm. A correspondent of the New York *Tribune* recently visited the summit signal station, and to him Mr. Brown, the observing sergeant, thus describes these storms:

> "They generally begin with hail, and last from half an hour to four hours. The whole atmosphere is full of electricity. Sheets of fire are every where. Sparks crackle about your clothes and in your hair, and fill the buffalo-robes and the bedding. The electricity comes through the roof, through the windows, and up from the floor. It seems as though you are in a battery. If you go out-doors, a cloud of electricity rests on the whole Peak. It comes from the rocks; the clouds are full of it. The lightning plays below in fearful intensity....One's hair literally stands on end."

Mr. Brown also stated that he had seen the frost a foot deep all over the summit, on windows, doors, rocks, and particularly on metals. Sometimes it gathers on the telegraph wires to the depth of eight inches, and frequently breaks the wire and stops communication. Such are some of the features of life on Pike's Peak.

A singular case of hydrophobia occurred in Brooklyn a short time ago. A Mr. Jackson was bitten by a large Newfoundland dog with which he was playing. The bite seems to have been accidental on the part of the dog, for while he was leaping to catch a stick which Mr. Jackson held up, one of his teeth struck against Mr. Jackson's lip, and a slight wound was inflicted. The wound was washed carefully, but not cauterized, for the dog appeared in perfectly good health. Mr. Jackson's mind, however, grew morbid in regard to the matter, and he lived in constant dread of hydrophobia. He frequently tested himself by drinking water and watching for any difficulty in swallowing. His thoughts continually dwelt upon the probability of his having the disease, and at length, about nine weeks after he was bitten, the first symptom appeared. He suffered exceedingly from mental distress, but the case was pronounced one of true hydrophobia, and after five days of torture he died. Every effort was made to alleviate his pain, but the most powerful medicines produced but little effect.

A Philadelphia lady has deposited in the National Museum of Independence Hall, with some of John Hancock's breakfast china, a wine-glass which she inherited from that patriot. It is one of a dozen which were presented to the celebrated John Wilkes, of England, by his admirers when in 1753 he was a prisoner in the London Tower in consequence of an attack made by him upon the king in a number of a periodical known as the *North Briton*. The ministry's prosecution of Wilkes helped to make him the most popular man in England, and he became at one time Lord Mayor of London. When John Hancock fell under the proscription of the British government, Wilkes manifested his love of liberty and admiration of its advocates by sending these wine-glasses to the American patriot. They were afterward distributed as relics among the members of the family.

It has been feared that the demand for India rubber would exceed the supply of raw material; but now there is a prospect that the common milkweed can be converted into an article possessing all the properties of the veritable caoutchouc. Manufactories are about to be established for the purpose of preparing this "milkweed rubber" and furnishing it to the public.

Mushroom-growing is carried on extensively in some parts of France. In the vicinity of Paris there are extensive caves—stone quarries long ago abandoned. In these caves, sixty or seventy feet under-ground, the temperature is equable and moist, and immense quantities of mushrooms are grown for foreign markets. One proprietor has twenty-one miles of such beds, and another sixteen—facts which indicate the extent of the business.

The Feejee Islanders are seriously afflicted since their annexation. It appears that a British vessel landed some emigrants on the island who were ill with the measles. No precautions were taken in regard to it, as the disease is considered trivial by the Europeans. The measles speedily became a plague, attacking the natives with intense virulence, and the poor victims, believing that it was introduced with the design of killing them, refused medicine, and rushed into the sea to relieve the torment of the rash. The bathing produced acute dysentery, and it is said that most of the chiefs and something like 50,000 persons have died. The native constabulary, who are under discipline, have been compelled to submit to proper treatment, and none of them have died; but no power exists to compel the natives to follow medical advice.

In a humorous "History of the Class," which was read at the "Class Day" exercises of the College of the City of New York, some amusing statements were made concerning the graduating members, who were 32 in number. We quote briefly:

> "Twelve have written poetry during their course, 18 have attempted it but failed, 2 never tried. The total age of the class is 6 centuries 37 years 6 months 17 days. The age of the oldest man is 21 years, 8 months 26 days; of the youngest 17 years 7 months 24 days. The total weight is 2 tons 2 hundred-weight 63 pounds. The heaviest weighs 169 pounds, the lightest 103. The total height is 10 rods 5 yards 2 feet 5 inches. Two are 6 feet in height. The shortest is 5 feet 4½ inches. Two of the class confess that they are engaged, 1 is open for an engagement, for 1 an engagement looms up in the distance, 2 are single on principle, 26 are unconditionally single. Nine intend to pursue the law, 6 medicine, 5 are undecided, 3 will be publishers, 3 engineers, 1 will follow journalism, 1 mercantile pursuits, 1 architecture, 1 farming, 1 aspires to be President of the United States, and 1 to be a gentleman."

The sudden heat which invaded cities toward the latter part of June was highly appreciated by the proprietors of watering-place hotels and summer boarding-houses. The rush countryward has commenced, and will continue through the season.

The earthquakes experienced in various parts of Asia Minor early in May caused much destruction of property and life. The total loss of life in the different localities where the shocks were felt is not yet officially known, but there is reason to fear it is larger than was first anticipated. May has been a favorite month for earthquakes. In 1830 more than 6000 persons perished in Canton and its vicinity by earthquakes on the 26th and 27th of May. In 1842, May 7, an earthquake at Cape Haytien, San Domingo, destroyed nearly two-thirds of the town and killed about 5000 persons; and on May 8, 1861, many lives were lost by one of these natural convulsions in Perugia, Italy.

A good story is told of a certain Sunday-school—we omit the whereabouts—which was recently visited by a learned divine. The quietness of the proceedings specially attracted his attention. When the clock marked the hour, the pupils fell into their places without call or signal. The superintendent placed upon the blackboard the number of a hymn, and, without other announcement, it was immediately sung. All the exercises were conducted from the platform in this silent way. The reverend gentleman was puzzled, and after the school closed he sought an interview with the superintendent. He commenced a voluble expression of his pleasure, which was cut short when his (supposed) auditor drew forth a slate and wrote on it, "*I am a deaf-mute!*" It was a school, so it was explained to him, that had been talked to death by former superintendents. The session had been prolonged beyond all reason, scholars were tired to death with speeches, and scanty time was left for the lesson. The school came to the conclusion that the great work of the superintendent was to keep still. As every one who could talk would talk, application was finally made to a deaf-and-dumb asylum for a man who could *not* talk. And the result was so satisfactory! We understand that deaf-mutes of approved piety and decorous appearance are in demand for Sunday-school superintendents.

BOAT RACE ON THE HARLEM RIVER.

The third annual boat race of the Harlem Regatta Association, illustrated on page 584, took place, June 26, over the regular course on the Harlem River. An immense number of people were present to witness the contest, and the river was covered with all kinds of row-boats, from the eight-oared barge down to the single-scull wherry. The gay uniforms of the several clubs added to the picturesque effect of the scene. A pleasant breeze from the north-east, while it somewhat annoyed the oarsmen by roughening the water, was very welcome to the spectators of the races.

Five races were rowed; but the most interesting was the race between four-oared boats for the grand challenge plate, for which there were two entries—R. W. Rathbone, S. L. Mack, H. C. West, and C. H. Cone, from the Athletics, and H. M. Knapp, J. R. Keater, A. G. Scranton, and C. W. Turner, from the Harlem Rowing Club. They were started from the stake-boats, near the Fourth Avenue Railroad Bridge, and finished near High Bridge—distance, two miles.

The Athletics had the New York shore, and the Harlems were on the Westchester side. Mr. Englehardt, the referee, soon got their bows in line and let them go. The Athletics were a trifle the quickest, and jumped their boat ahead; but there was very little difference between the crews in the first quarter of a mile. Both crews were then well over on the New York side, and the Athletics were gradually forging ahead. At the half mile the Athletics were about three-quarters of a length ahead, and then after a severe struggle they increased their lead to a clear length. The first mile was pulled in five minutes fifty-five seconds, and the Athletics passed the barge anchored at Florence's Dock over two lengths in advance of the Harlems. The race was now virtually over, as the steady stroke of the Athletics told with great effect in the second mile, and the Harlems were gradually dropped astern. About a quarter of a mile from the finish the Harlems rallied and made a spurt, but they pulled very wildly, and failed to improve their position. The Athletics won by six or seven lengths, with comparative ease, in twelve minutes forty seconds.

The Harlem Regatta Association has not been long in existence, but it has taken a strong hold in public favor, and its popularity is rapidly increasing. Its officers are, H. G. Meeker, President; F. M. Scott, Vice-President; Richard Neville, Secretary and Treasurer. The following gentlemen compose the Executive Board: H. G. Meeker, F. M. Scott, Frank J. Brown, Richard Neville, Henry W. Peckwell, H. M. Knapp, and E. J. Atkinson.

A "HIKER" RACE.

"What is a hiker?" Anticipating the reader's question, we would describe a "hiker" as a cat-rigged yacht with a sail so large as to be entirely disproportionate to the size of the hull, causing the spectator to wonder how she is kept "upon her feet" when under way. The tall mast and long boom necessitate extra rigging to stay them, and when there is any more of a breeze than a cat's-paw the fun commences. The closest watchfulness, quickest decision, and nicest management are required of the sailing-master, and the crew must be also wide awake and active, ready instantly to obey the order to "hike out"—to climb out to windward—when "a tan-yarder jumps into her." With all possible precautions, capsizes are frequent; and it is getting to be a general belief that "hiker" crews of experience, living as they do almost as much in as out of the water, have become web-footed. Such boats are very numerous at Philadelphia, and a regatta between them, with a stiff wind, is one of the most exciting spectacles imaginable. During a recent race, of which we give an illustration on page 584, between about fifty of them, ten capsized. Sometimes they are furnished with outriggers, which slide out from the sides to windward, and upon which the live ballast perches entirely outside of the boat.

In our advertising columns will be found a paper by Dr. S. A. Fisk, former President of the Massachusetts Medical Society, in which the medicinal properties of the celebrated Hathorn Spring, at Saratoga, are set forth. This Spring is the property of the Hon. H. H. Hathorn, member of Congress from the 20th district of this State, and one of the proprietors of Congress Hall.—[*Com.*]

BLOOD DISEASES.

The blood being the source from which our systems are built up, and from which we derive our mental as well as physical capabilities, how important that it should be kept pure. If it contains vile festering poisons all organic functions are weakened thereby. Settling upon important organs, as the lungs, liver, or kidneys, the effect is most disastrous. Hence it behooves every one to keep their blood in a perfectly healthy condition and more especially does this apply at this particular season of the year than at any other. No matter what the exciting cause may be, the real cause of a large proportion of all diseases is bad blood. Now, Dr. Pierce does not wish to place his Golden Medical Discovery in the catalogue of quack patent nostrums by recommending it to cure every disease, nor does he so recommend it, on the contrary, there are hundreds of diseases that he acknowledges it will not cure; but what he does claim is this, that there is but one form of *blood* disease that it will not cure, and that disease is cancer. He does not recommend his Discovery for that disease, yet he knows it to be the most searching blood cleanser yet discovered, and that it will free the blood and system of all other known blood poisons, be they animal, vegetable or mineral. The Golden Discovery is *warranted* by him to cure the worst forms of Skin Diseases, as all forms of Blotches, Pimples, and Eruptions, also all Glandular Swellings, and the worst form of Scrofulous and Ulcerated Sores of Neck, Legs, or other parts, and all Scrofulous Diseases of the Bones, as White Swellings, Fever Sores, Hip Joint and Spinal Diseases, all of which belong to Scrofulous diseases.

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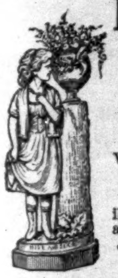

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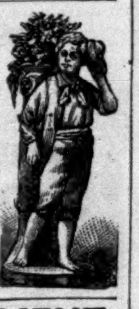

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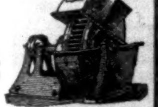

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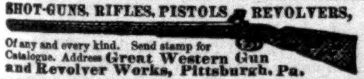

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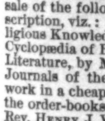

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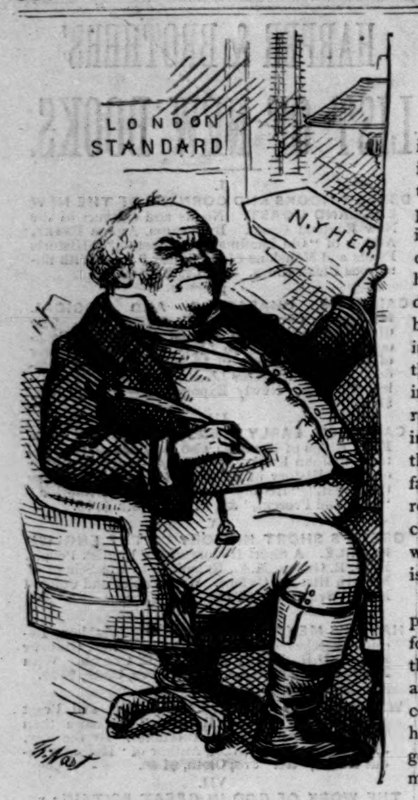

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Before coming to an unfavorable conclusion in regard to democratic government in America, it would be well for English critics to consider the imperfections of men in general, and the points in which other forms of government in civilized countries are faulty. This the London *Standard*, the organ of English Tories, has failed to do before passing a sweeping condemnation on our Republic, on which, as the cable informs us, it comments as follows: "Thinking Americans are compelled to acknowledge that waste, corruption, and inefficiency prevail in every branch of administration, and ignorance and personal worthlessness predominate in legislation. They begin to admit sadly that the grand experiment begun a century ago is a failure. Remedies must be devised quickly if revolution and disaster are to be averted. It is conceded on all sides that universal suffrage, which, however, it is now impossible to abolish, is the root of the evil."

The sentences quoted are a libel on our people, and a very stupid one at that. Among forty-four millions of people, lunatics included, there are of course Americans who will "admit" and "concede" almost any thing, especially if cornered by an Englishman, but we have never had the fortune to meet a person of ordinary good sense who considered the "grand experiment" a failure.

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ON HATHORN SPRING MINERAL WATER, OF SARATOGA, N. Y.

By S. A. FISK, M.D., OF NORTHAMPTON.

[Reprinted from the *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal*, June 10, 1875.

MINERAL waters are probably the most notable of all the remedial agents which have been used by man from a very early period; their curative powers have not only inspired his faith, but have also retained it to a considerable extent, and this, too, notwithstanding the medical profession of late years has seemed largely to overlook the real merits of these therapeutic agents.

While I have for many years regarded the waters of Saratoga Springs as an agreeable beverage and a pleasant evacuant, I have, in common with very many, if not with a large majority of the medical profession, looked upon those springs rather as a resort of the gay votaries of pleasure and fashion than of those seeking benefit from medicinal waters. Such is undoubtedly the fact to a considerable degree; and to this is probably due the belief that whatever of renewed health and vigor may follow a visit to this renowned place is to be ascribed rather to the pure and stimulating air, to a relaxation and relief from the engrossments of business, to a temporary change of habits of life, and to the varied and pleasurable excitements attendant upon a sojourn in the midst of scenes so diverting, than to the real remedial qualities of the mineral springs.

Admitting that these influences have a happy and beneficial effect upon the overworked, still there is a large class of invalids who resort there, not to be active participants in gay scenes, but to drink the waters, and who do find them health-giving and possessed of positive curative value. In such cases the invigorated health and renovated spirits can not be ascribed simply to a change of air or to the relaxation which the social attractions and amusements of the place afford; for without the use of the water these results do not so surely follow, neither do they follow in so marked a degree.

Three years ago I visited Saratoga Springs with a different object in view and in a different condition than ever before; I went then as a seeker after health, and became an exceedingly interested and critical observer and investigator. For many months prior to that time I had become the subject of persistent insomnia. Sleep would visit my eyelids but for a brief period at a time; from thirty to sixty minutes was its average duration, to be succeeded by long intervals of wakefulness.

Accompanying this vigilance was the still more distressing malady of vertigo, from which I suffered often, and which at times confined me to my bed from two to eight days, then wearing gradually off, to be speedily followed by another attack, quite as disabling and prostrating as severe sea-sickness. A few hours of mental exertion, mental anxiety, or any fatigue that lowered the standard of my health at that time was sufficient to produce an attack of vertigo in its severer forms.

My stomach sympathized in the general derangement, and was not, as might be supposed, a primary cause of the mischief. Any thing and every thing that I ate caused distress. The action of the heart was feeble, and a very decided dropsy of my legs now showed itself and became exceedingly troublesome, the œdema increasing persistently.

Moderate physical exercise overcame me. A ride of six or eight miles exhausted me, and with this there was not the slightest emaciation. I was the victim of great nervous prostration; a diagnosis which was confirmed by a number of my professional brethren, who after most thorough investigation were unable to discover organic disease. Having failed to get relief from remedies suggested from the pharmacopœia, I resorted in this condition to Saratoga Springs, not as before, for relaxation and enjoyment, but for the purpose of drinking the waters for their medicinal and remedial effects.

These waters, in the nomenclature of mineral springs, are known as alkaline-saline waters. Being highly charged with carbonic acid gas, they take up and hold in solution the alkaline carbonates and chloride of sodium principally; though some of the springs, in addition to these, hold carbonate of iron, carbonate of lithia, iodide of sodium, and other salts more or less in solution. The large amount of carbonic acid gas contained in these waters not only increases the solvent powers of that menstruum, enabling it to take up and hold in solution a favorable combination of ingredients, but renders them very easy of digestion, and to most persons very agreeable to the taste.

Here, in these waters, but more especially in that from the Hathorn Spring, I found a remedy that seemed to meet the indications in my own case. These indications evidently were to put the digestive organs into healthy action, to unload the plethoric visceral vessels, to stimulate the emunctories, and to so break up and change the acid and other secretions of the stomach that food might be digested and assimilated readily.

The Hathorn Spring, which was accidentally discovered in 1868, and which is already taking a leading place for its prompt and certain therapeutic properties, contained the combination of chemical agents that were indicated in the condition I was in at that time. In taste and general character this water resembles that of the celebrated Congress Spring; it is stronger, however, in some of its constituents, more prompt and certain in its action, and contains also a bicarbonate of lithia which renders its diuretic properties of great value.

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ANALYSIS OF THE HATHORN SPRING.

Chloride of sodium	509.968	grains.
Chloride of potassium	9.597	"
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Bicarbonate of lithia	11.447	"
Bicarbonate of soda	4.288	"
Bicarbonate of magnesia	176.463	"
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Bicarbonate of strontia	a trace.	
Bicarbonate of baryta	1.737	"
Bicarbonate of iron	1.128	"
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Biborate of soda	a trace.	
Alumina	.131	"
Silica	1.260	"
Organic matter	a trace.	
Total solid contents	888.403	

Carbonic acid gas in 1 gallon, 375.747 inches.
Density, 1.009.

It will be observed that the quantity of salts contained in this water, excepting the chloride of sodium, is comparatively small. Its therapeutic action, however, when taken in the usual quantity, is much greater than the small amount of the salts would produce if combined artificially. In its remote action it is, like other mineral waters, a powerful alterative when taken in moderate quantities, for a considerable time.

When an explanation of these facts is asked for, we can only quote in reply that calm and careful investigator and most briliant practitioner of our day, the lamented Trousseau, who, writing of the peculiar therapeutic effect of mineral waters, says: "Whatever may be said of them, mineral waters are not simple medicaments; whatever may be the predominant mineralizing agent as demonstrated by analysis, it acts not alone. Nature, in combining with the more or less notable elements which chemistry may isolate other exceedingly variable ingredients and principles which have not yet been discovered, has done for this mineralized agent that which we seek to imitate each day in our prescriptions when we endeavor to reinforce or diminish the effects of a medicinal substance by associating others with it. In making due allowance for the particular phenomena which may result from the action of such or such elements which enter into the composition of a mineral water, we should not attribute to a single principle, however dominant it appears in the chemical analysis, all the properties of the water; and clinical experience only can permit us to judge. This is so exceedingly true that dyspepsia allied to a grave cachectic state (I do not now speak of paludal cachexia) are admirably modified by very different waters; by those waters in which the mineralizing principle escapes, so to speak, chemical analysis. * * * Plombières and Bagnères-de-Bigorre, in the particular disease which occupies us, in virtue of an action which escapes us and which I know not how to explain, triumph over rebellious dyspepsias. Under their salutary influence the appetite revives, the constitution is reorganized; patients affected with dropsy, with visceral engorgement, arrive at Plombières or at Bigorre in a deplorable state, and depart, after a single season, in a condition notably ameliorated, and are often cured in a manner altogether unexpected."

What Trousseau says of Plombières, I am able, from a personal experience, to say of Hathorn Spring water. Its therapeutic action is very prompt. When taken in the morning, it is agreeable to the taste, grateful to the stomach, and acts efficiently as an evacuant; and while it may, and in many cases does, induce full and copious dejections, they are not attended with pain; neither is languor nor debility experienced by the patient; but, on the contrary, a feeling of refreshment and invigoration. The immediate effect upon the digestive organs, whether impaired by disease or exhausted from any cause, is to increase their powers of assimilation and nutrition, the appetite being increased at once. That oppression which is often felt, that sense of fullness which was termed "abdominal plethoria" by the old authors, that condition, in short, in which the liver, spleen, and mesentery are usually filled with blood, slowly moving, and when hæmorrhoids are troublesome, is quickly relieved by it. The abdominal circulation is increased and the engorgement of the blood-vessels is diminished with a gratifying sense of relief.

To those affected with what has been supposed to be an engorged condition of the liver, characterized by a dusky complexion, a coated tongue, a pasty, bad taste in the mouth, a capricious appetite and sluggish action of the bowels, with a sense of fullness in the head and of mental dullness, this water proves most valuable. It seems to liquefy the bile, causing it to flow freely, and gives increased action to the intestinal canal.

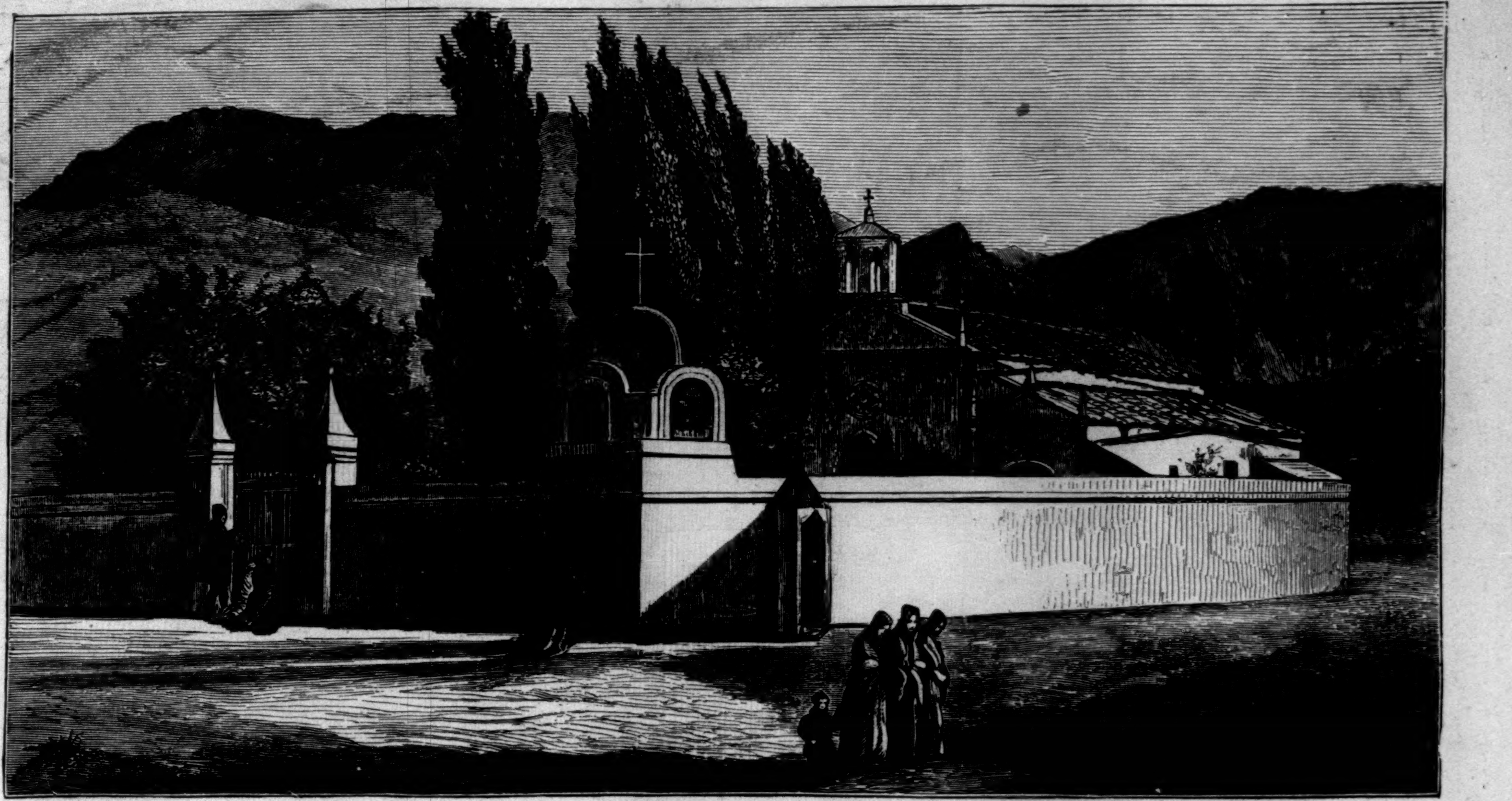
When taken more frequently and in smaller quantities than the cathartic dose, its effect upon the kidneys is no less happy. Its action upon the renal secretions is prompt, uniform, and quite certain. A turbid, irritating urine is quickly cleared up by it; the ureters and bladder are soothed, and many cases of vesical catarrh are quite relieved by it.

In some of the cutaneous diseases, those more especially dependent upon an acid state of the secretions, these mineral waters are beneficial, both from their alkaline properties and from their depurative effects.

Such, in brief, are some of the therapeutic effects of the Hathorn Spring water, to the use of which I attribute the entire relief I have obtained from the uncomfortable symptoms detailed above. Sleep, quiet and refreshing, has returned to my pillow. The only consciousness I now have of a stomach, when it is kindly treated, is from its intimations of hunger; and the dropsy, which was troublesome for so long a time, and which suggested serious reflections, has disappeared; strength and a comfortable amount of endurance have supplanted a feeling of languor and of debility. The dyspeptic symptoms and the dropsy were speedily relieved by a short season at the springs; they returned, however, after a little time, but a continued use of the water for a few months brought about a permanent condition of health.

I have referred to my own case with so much of detail as it is illustrative of this subject, and because some of you are familiar with it, and to you I am under obligations for kind professional advice and assistance.

Hathorn water is sold by all first-class Druggists, Grocers, and Hotels. For particulars, address H. H. HATHORN, SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y.



BRIGANDS' CEMETERY, PALERMO, SICILY.

BRIGANDS' CEMETERY.

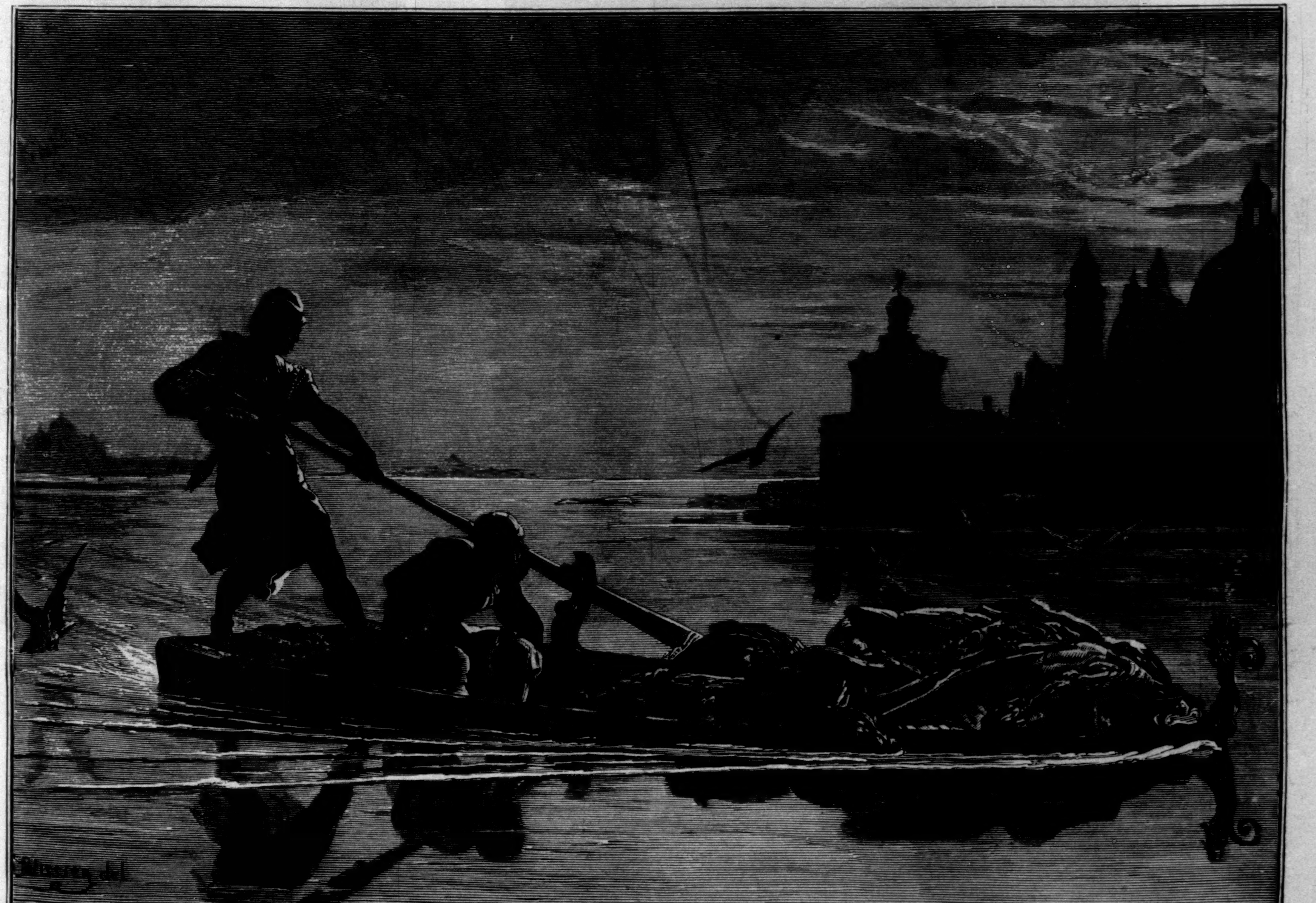
THIS engraving represents the church-yard at Palermo, Sicily, where persons who have been executed are buried, and as these are nearly all brigands, the place is generally called the Brigands' Cemetery. It is situated in the suburbs of the city. Visitors of all classes throng to it, but especially those who belong to the same class with the malefactors who are buried there. Crowds of devoted people pray at the gates, and no one passes without uncovering the head. The devotion of the worshipers is sincere and earnest. They have full faith in the salvation of those who lie buried in that consecrated earth.

A VENETIAN SCENE.

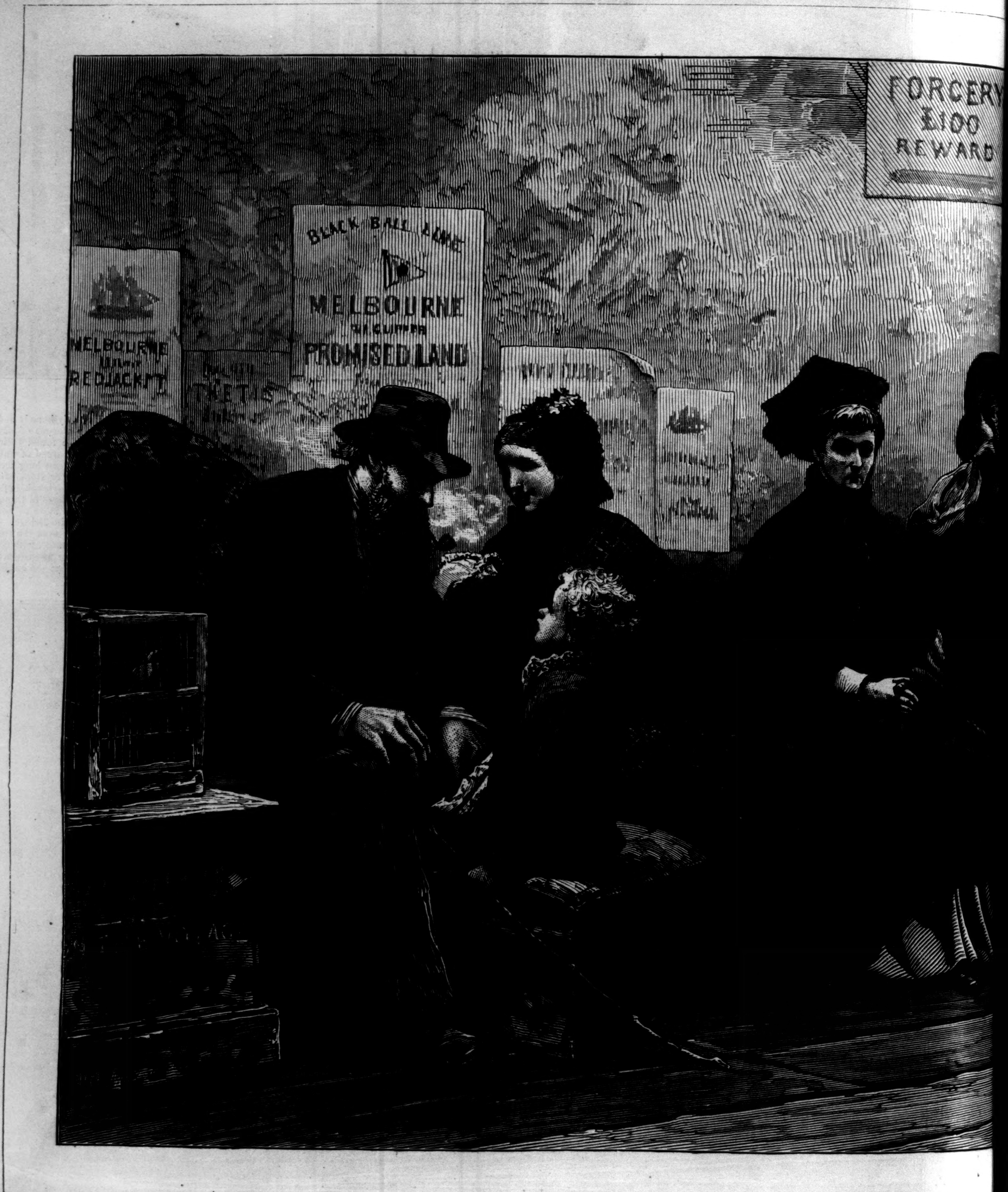
No city in the world has been so fruitful of subjects for the painter, from CANALETTO down to our own times, as Venice. Barring the railroad to Milan, which has been extended to Venice, and a few other evidences of modern taste, all is beauty; indeed, nothing can be fairer than the Queen of the Adriatic, with her ruined palaces and general picturesque architecture.

Along her winding canals the gondolas glide gracefully—fairy barks, instinct with life, peculiar to Venice, suggesting to the mind the very poetry of motion—"the moving spirits of Venice." Those owned by wealthy private individuals are sometimes very tastefully decorated. The sharp steel indented prow is kept bright as silver, affording a fine contrast to the surrounding woodwork, which is, by an ancient law of the city, always painted black. The gondolier stands on a little platform behind the cabin, and, to lessen the danger of collision, invariably faces the bow. The cabin itself (which can, if desired, be replaced by an awning in summer) is elegantly fitted up.

But not alone do awning-covered pleasure barges, loaded with dazzling freight of beauty and jewels, cut through the waters of the Grand Canal. Crossing the lagoons from Chioggia are other and numerous craft—picturesque ones too—though bespeaking only homely and commonplace details. In the absence of carts and carriages, provisioners take round their wares in boats, and the noiseless tread of waters affords an agreeable contrast to ears long accustomed to the rumble of wheels over stone-paved streets. About night-fall, or at daybreak, before the city has awakened from its lapse of tranquil humor, squadrons of these boats move to and from the market-place at the Rialto Bridge. All take a picturesque appearance; even the commonplace material of a butcher's barge, with contents, has in it something of poetry when seen in the diffused morning light, before the swelling tide of life fills the streets.



A VENETIAN SCENE—BUTCHER'S GONDOLA.


FORGERY
£100
REWARD
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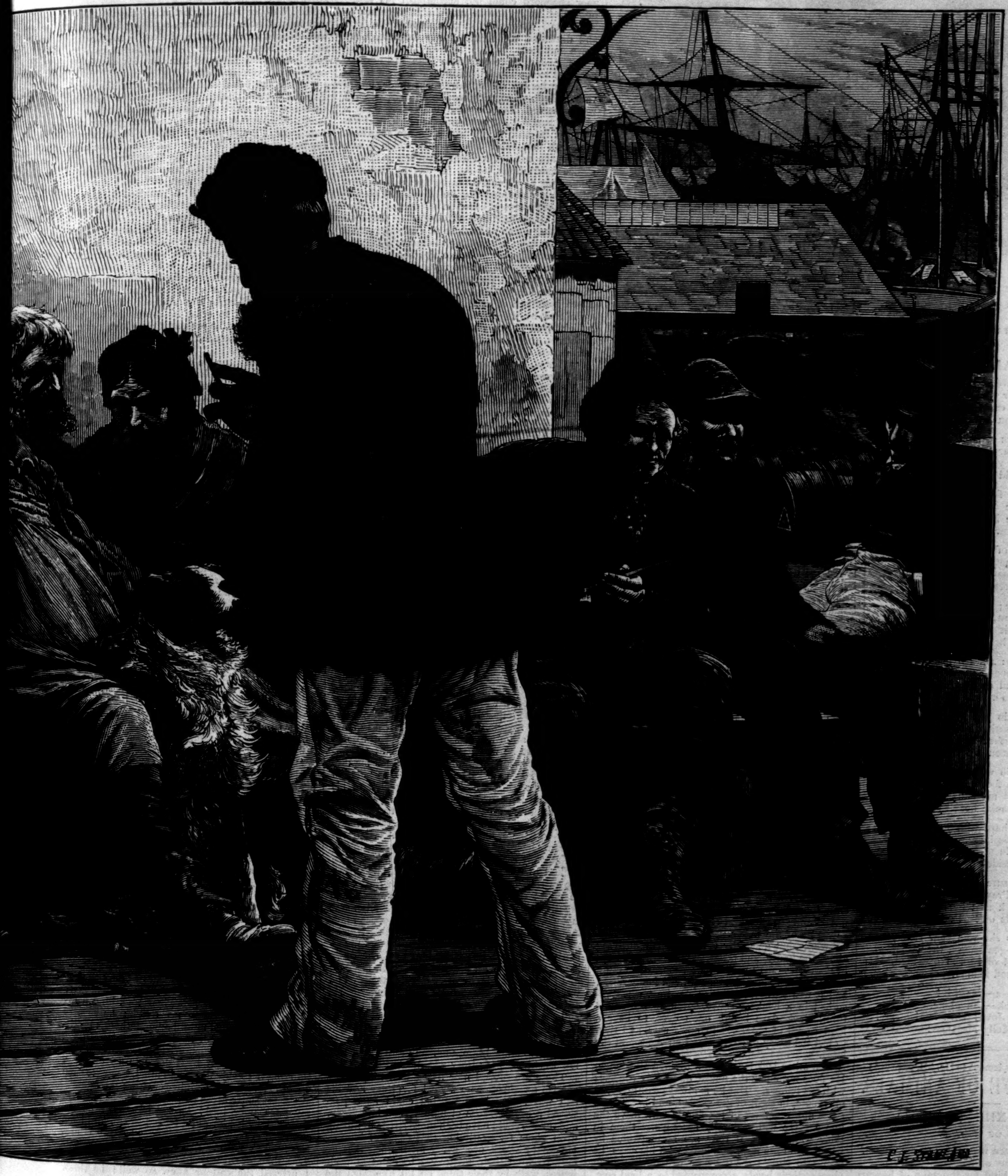
THE LAST DAY IN OLD ENGLAND—WAIT GO O



GO ON BOARD THE EMIGRANT STEAMER.